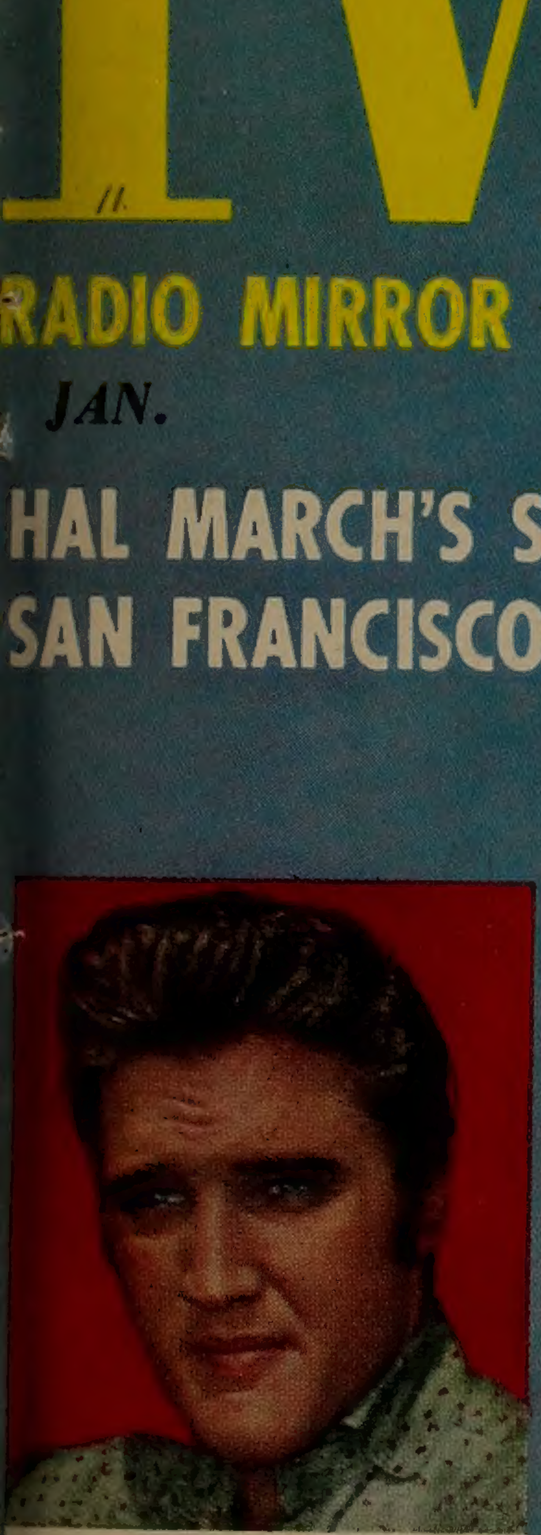
TV RADIO MIRROR

RADIO MIRROR
JAN.

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ELVIS PRESLEY



PETER DONAT

Hal and Candy March

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. . . it works when others fail

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TV RADIO MIRROR

JANUARY, 1957 • ATLANTIC EDITION • VOL. 47, NO. 2

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"Whatever became of the girl I married?"





They say one partner in every marriage is more in love than the other. And in the Millers' case, everyone had thought it was she. Then, almost overnight, her affection seemed to cool. She didn't want his kisses—she avoided his embrace. Poor John! He never even suspected that his breath might be to blame.

Why risk offending? Listerine stops bad breath (halitosis) instantly.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions

By far the most common cause of bad breath is germs—germs that ferment protein always present in the mouth. Research proves that, the more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. And Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on contact—by millions.

No tooth paste or non-antiseptic mouthwash kills germs the way Listerine does

Non-antiseptic tooth pastes, mouthwashes and "breath fresheners" can't kill germs the way Listerine does. You need an antiseptic to kill germs. Listerine IS an antiseptic—and that's why it stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle with Listerine full-strength to keep breath fresher, longer.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST



Wife Jayne Meadows describes Steve Allen as a "helpless" male. But Big Steve is *helpful,* as well.



Script is by Rudyard Kipling as Garry Moore and the Gene Lowell chorus record three tales in time for Christmas.

By PETER ABBOTT



Two Frank Thomases, Junior and Senior, team for the first time, joining Anne Huston on *My True Story.*

GUYS & GALS: I Love Lucy continues to pull big ratings but at a cost of nerves to match for Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Already they are laying plans for a rest in Switzerland this summer. They ought to check first on Jack Benny's last trip abroad. A European "vacation" exhausted him so that he flew back to Palm Springs for a rest. . . . Great excitement at NBC. Marlon Brando billed for spec based on the life of John Wilkes Booth. . . . A reporter abroad reasons there is more love-making in Europe because there is so little TV. This recalls Ann Sothern's observation. Speaking of young newlyweds, she noted, "They've settled down and now watch TV constantly." . . . The Platters guest with Winchell on December 28. . . . Rosie Clooney out of golden West this month for a week of Christmas shopping in New York, plus a Sunday appearance with Ed Sullivan. . . . General Sarnoff predicts that in your lifetime you will see 3-D TV and wristwatch radios—but no one, absolutely no one, expects to live long enough to see Sullivan guest star on Winchell's show.

OUR RUGGED COWBOYS: Cheyenne's star, Clint Walker, lives on "health food" and, four times a year, goes on a three-week

TO COAST



Miss Show Business, Judy Garland, and her manager-producer-husband Sid Luft have spectacular plans.



Real pros, said critics of the Frank Sinatra-Dinah Shore spec. Frank's rare on TV. Regular Dinah has a new album.

diet of raw meat, eggs, fruit and milk. A lion of a man, he stands six-six and weighs 235 pounds. At his North Hollywood home, he's planning and/or building a tree house for six-year-old daughter Valerie, an enormous aviary for he's a bird lover, and a gymnasium for guess who? . . . And then there is John Bromfield of movie fame and of TV's Sheriff Of Cochise. John was a varsity footballer and inter-collegiate boxing champ. His favorite sport is fishing, but not in the sardine class. He spent three months off Alaska harpooning whales. He is married to Lari Thomas, golden Goldwyn girl, and she is more terrified of horses than whales. She dreads the day they may try to coax her aboard a horse with John: "Honestly, they picked a real rugged specimen for Sheriff in John, but with him got the world's worst cowgirl wife. Even merry-go-rounds scare me."

STOP & GO: Sonja Henie, right after her December 22 ice spec, skates off to Europe for rest and a visit with Norwegian husband, a shipping magnate. . . . The Hal Marches are having absolutely no luck with Westchester house-hunting. "Even when we change agents we see the same house over again," Hal says, "and when they hear my name the prices get loftier." . . . Liberace's bathroom is decorated as an indoor garden. . . . From the "Beanstalk" spec came a great Columbia wax for Peggy King, "He Never Looks My Way," and on the flip-side, the poignant "Love Sick." . . . Fabulous TV forecast for February: Early in month NBC first presents "Ruggles of Red Gap" with Michael Redgrave, David Wayne, Imogene Coca, Jane Powell and Peter Lawford, then follows up with the "Mayerling" spec starring Audrey Hepburn and husband Mel Ferrer. . . . Over at CBS, also in February, the Perle Mesta story comes to life starring Shirley Booth. And last and maybe the greatest will be a 90-minute show of songs and dance with Judy Garland. Judy is electric, whether she is on stage, screen, TV—or record. In her new Capitol album, simply titled "Judy," she makes your heart dance, cry or just fill with sheer exuberance.

MORE OF MOORE: Garry stars in the season's most delightful production for kids. It's a collection of three Kipling stories on a Columbia LP. "I take no credit for it," Garry Moore says. "They called me and said they needed a narrator and would I do it." He recalls, "Dad used to read to us—the (Continued on page 64)

Tempest at the Turntable





Gene programs for the public, found his ratings doubled in seven months. As to personal taste—namely Count Basie, "the swingingest"—"I have a hi-fi at home for that."

A mad hatter from Manhattan, WAVZ's Gene Stuart turns out to be New Haven's cup of tea

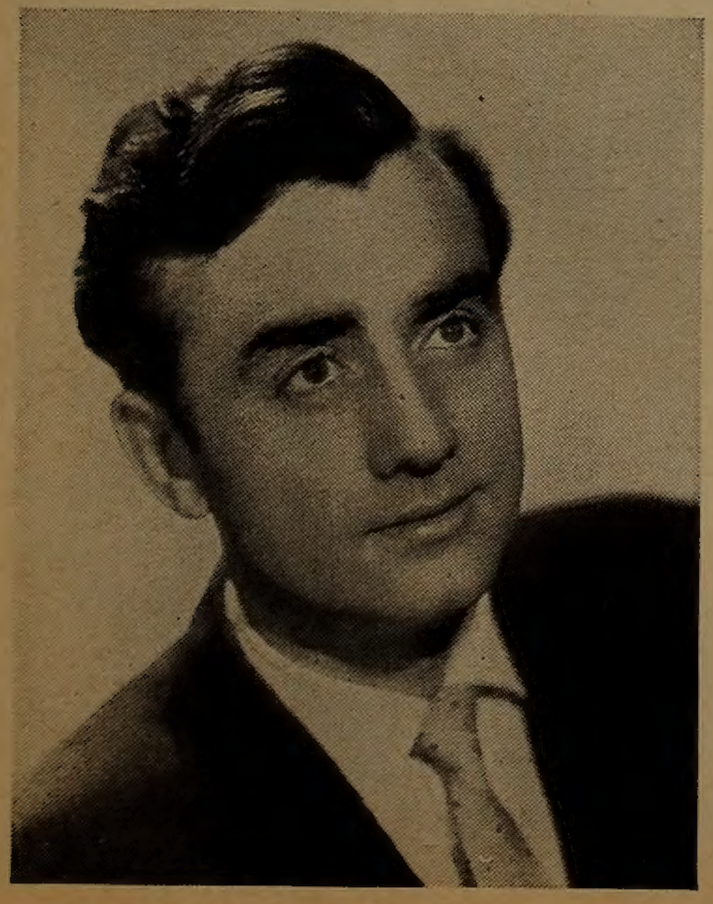
IN THE WONDERLAND of turntables, baseball fans turn into Basie fans, night owls turn into early birds, and the world goes 'round at anywhere from 33 to 78 revolutions per minute. But, as Gene Stuart says, "If I had to work for a living, I think I'd die." . . . Gene is a deejay for New Haven's Station WAVZ, and the way he avoids "work" is to crawl out of bed at 4:30 each ayem. This gets him to the station on time for the *Gene Stuart Show*, heard Monday through Saturday from 6 to 9 A.M. This is a fast-moving wake-up show with music, news and weather reports, gimmick records and, adds the twenty-seven-year-old deejay, "some of my ridiculous humor." Gene is also on hand Saturdays from 3 to 6 P.M. with *Top 50* and then back Saturday evenings from 11 to 1 A.M. with *Jazz Sounds Unlimited*, a program named after the jazz club Gene has organized in New Haven. . . . A New Yorker, Gene planned to make baseball his career. Then, when he'd graduated from high school, says Gene, "I was kicked in the teeth with polio and it knocked my left arm out." If he couldn't be a player, Gene decided he'd be an announcer. He enrolled at Long Island University, pestered an English prof, who was also a veep at WABF-FM, into giving him a job. Thence to Tulsa and Albany, and then Manhattan's WABC show broadcast from midnight to 6 A.M. from Birdland, "the jazz corner of the world." When Birdland switched stations, Gene moved to a studio, re-named the show *Club 770* and kept the night owls chirping. While at WABC, Gene worked with Bob Garity—"the greatest. He's now with WOR"—and was "taken in hand by a wonderful human being"—Allyn Edwards, now with ABC-TV. Eventually, the show went off, but not before Nick Kenny had named Gene "New DJ of the Year." . . . Next came the offer of a job from WAVZ. "I grabbed it before they could change their minds," Gene grins. "There is nothing so miserable in the world as a deejay who has thousands of records but no turntables and no microphone." Gene and his records share an apartment with Ron Rohmer, a former deejay in Canada and now a hockey player with the New Haven Blades. "He does the cooking," says Gene, "while I am the duster, bed-maker, etc." Hobbies? "As all bachelors do, I keep looking at girls all the time. I can spot a pretty girl in dense fog and a mile away." Gene also likes "watching hockey, bowling, eating and sleeping." He digs Count Basie the most, but in Connecticut, even people who don't like Basie, like Gene. New York's loss is New Haven's favorite.

INFORMATION BOOTH

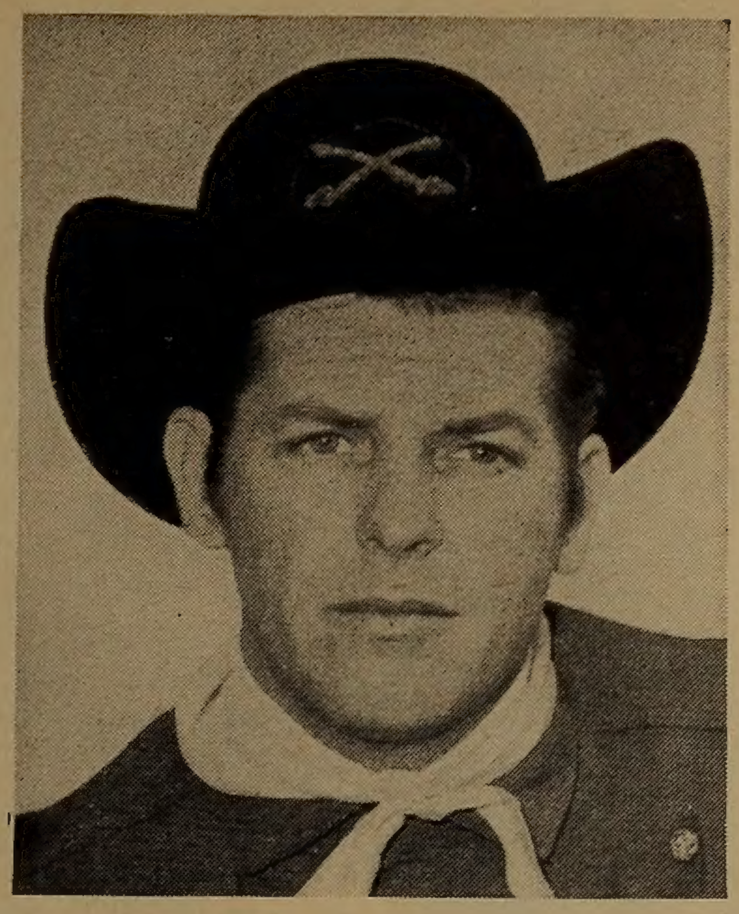
Crazy Hauli

Could you please give me some information about comic Earl Hall, including whether or not he has his own show?
J. W., Gaffney, S. C.

Diminutive Earl Hall is as much at home in front of a TV camera today as he was in his native Appleton, Wisconsin. But the road that led him to television had none of the comforts of home. After four years of service as a Marine in the South Pacific, Earl promptly returned to that area to become a radio announcer and disc jockey in Honolulu, Hawaii. A year of playing straight man to a microphone, then Earl began giving vent to his funny bone in a swank Hawaiian night spot, Lau Yee Chi's, where his rubber-faced mugging and sensational pratfalls earned him the nickname of "crazy hauli" (a hauli being any non-Hawaiian). . . . Returning to the U.S. in 1948, he toured the club circuits in Chicago and Los Angeles, won rave reviews in Broadway's "Meet the People—1955," but decided to forego the usual pattern of the comic in order to concentrate exclusively on his goal—TV. Since then, Earl has become a familiar face to viewers of Steve Allen's *Tonight* and *The Garry Moore Show*—having made six guest appearances on each within the last year and a half—and has also done guest shots on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, The Stork Club Show, The Arthur Murray Party, This Is Show Business*, and the Dorsey brothers' *Stage Show*. . . . Now, with both NBC and CBS eyeing him as a bright prospect for a show of his own, Earl continues working out new comedy ideas for his future guest spots and will be seen doing anything from off-key singing of Western ballads to pantomime. . . . Earl was married in September, 1951, to former actress Phyllis Harlin. They have an eighteen-month-old daughter, Laura Jeanne, and Sir Stork will be visiting them again any day now.



Earl Hall



James Brown

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to address given—*not* to TV RADIO MIRROR.

Perry's Handicapped Pals (The Perry Como Fan Club for Handicapped Persons), c/o Dotty Stanley, 12 Love Lane, Norwood, Pa.

Teal Ames Fan Club, c/o Karen Ewing, 1425 Blanchard Ave., Findlay, Ohio.

Dick Jones Fan Club, c/o Joanne Collins, 3890 Bradley Road, Westlake, Ohio.

Mission Accomplished

Would you please give me some information about James Brown, who plays Lieutenant Rip Masters on The Adventures Of Rin-Tin-Tin?
P. M., Walla Walla, Wash.

James Brown, whom you see as Lieutenant Rip Masters on *The Adventures Of Rin-Tin-Tin*, over ABC-TV, is adding an exciting new facet to an already long and successful show business career. A former band vocalist, with a fine baritone voice, Jim recently started cutting records on the M-G-M label, and, as Rip Masters, gets to sing an occasional song on the show. . . . A one-time Texas state tennis champion, handsome, brown-haired, blue-eyed Jim was spotted by Paramount scouts in a West Coast tennis match, appeared in such films as "Going My Way," "Objective Burma" and "Sands of Iwo Jima." Next up was the *Rin-Tin-Tin show*, with Jim as Rip Masters. (The character was originally named Jack Ryan, but wife Betty thinks the name was changed because Jim ripped four pairs of trousers getting on and off his horse in the beginning of the series.) Together with Beverly, 14, Carol Ann, 12, and Barbara, 10½, he and Betty live in a rustic-style three-bedroom home, in which Jim practices his woodworking hobby. He's still rated one of Hollywood's top tennis players.

(*Continued on page* 11)

No Other Leading Toothpaste

CLEANS CLEANS CLEANS

YOUR BREATH *while it*

GUARDS GUARDS GUARDS

YOUR TEETH

Like Colgate Dental Cream!



Because No Other Leading Toothpaste Contains GARDOL TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING PROTECTION AGAINST BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ...With Just One Brushing!

Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas! Makes teeth whiter—cannot stain or discolor!



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

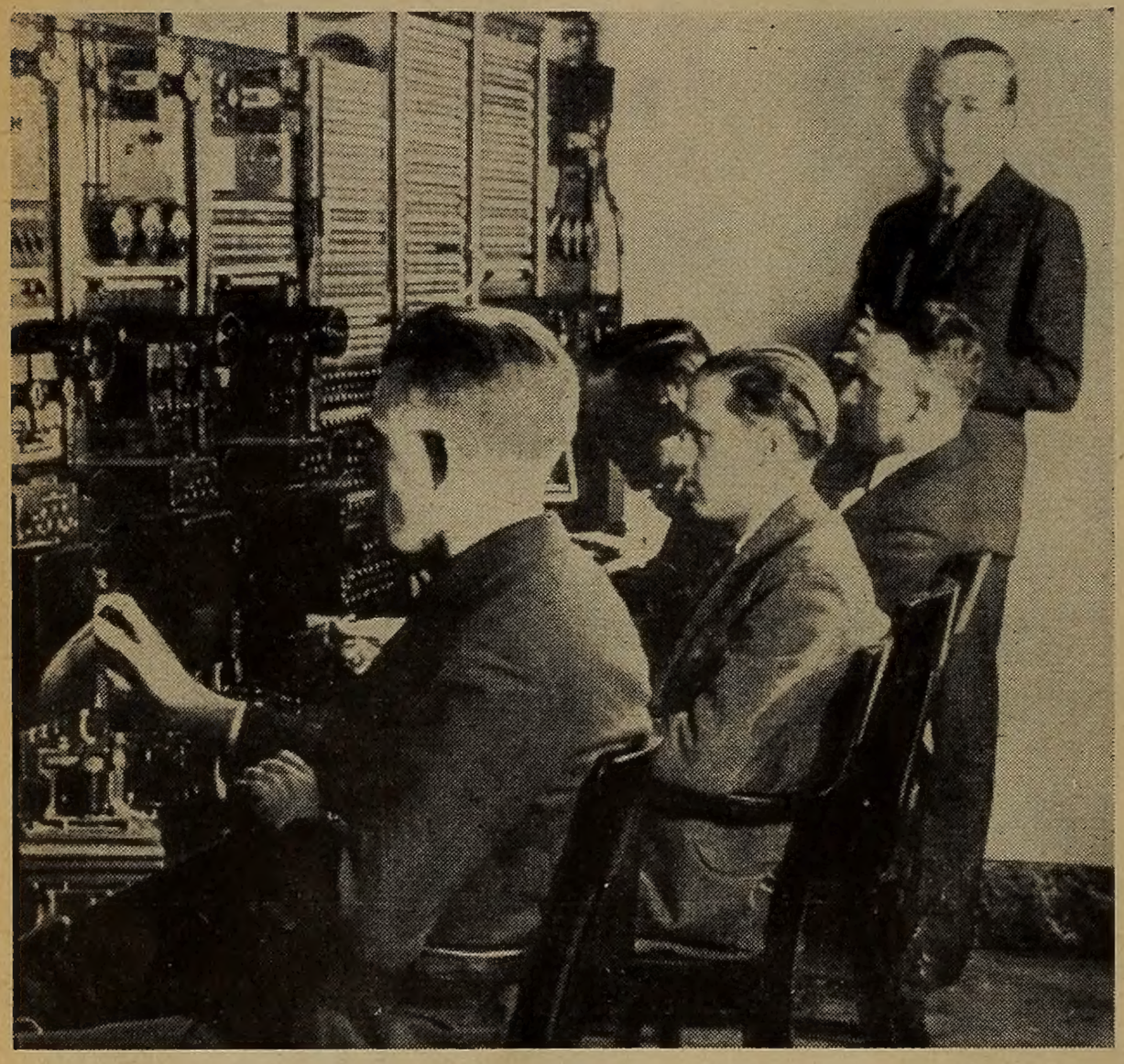
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

THIRTY YEARS AT NBC

There'll be many happy returns of entertainment and information, with America's first network celebrating its birthday

WHEN the National Broadcasting Company—America's first network—came into being on November 15, 1926, the habits of an entire nation were to be affected. A single microphone now could bring listeners across-the-country information, entertainment and public service—and bring it free of charge. NBC personalities became as familiar as members of the family, a new thought became a household word in an instant. Radio was a miracle. Then, in 1939, television left the realm of science fiction and produced its first regularly scheduled program. In 1946 came the coaxial cable and network television. The future? Sounds and sights in even higher fidelity.



On the air! Chief Engineer O. B. Hanson, now an NBC veep, signals for the first broadcast, Nov. 15, 1926.



Fire Chief Ed Wynn plays shy. But NBC was born bold. It began with big plans, big names.



Baby Snooks, alias Fanny Brice, titillated listeners as a "brat."



Weber and Fields, music hall immortals, clowned in dialect for the new network.



Rudy Vallee, the Vagabond Lover, stayed put on Variety Hour, 1929-39.



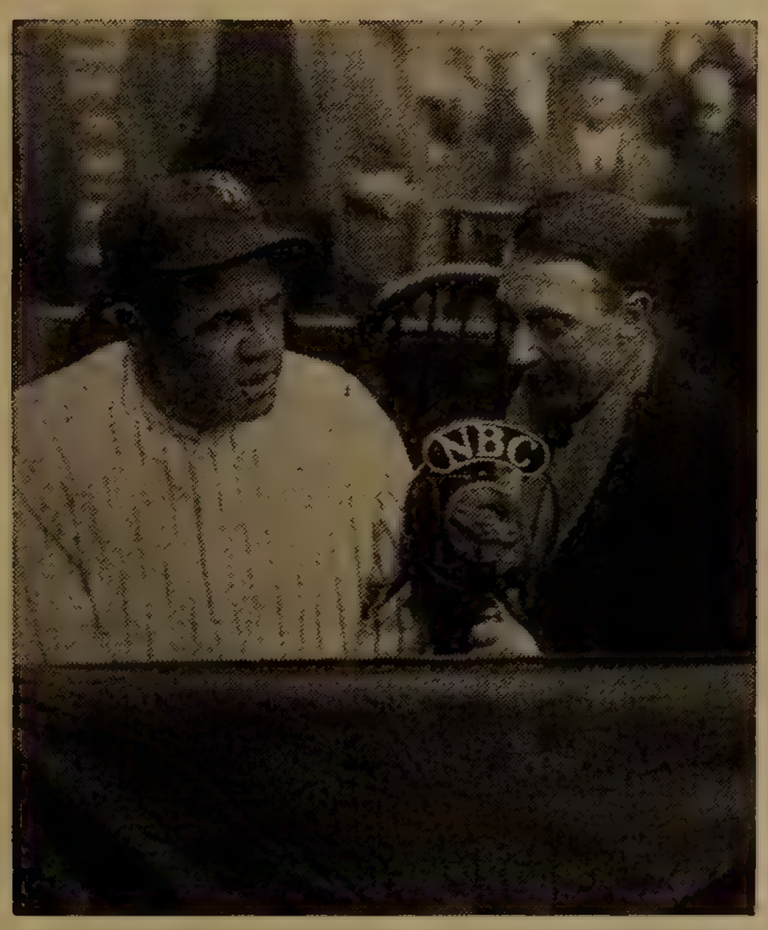
Allen's Alley bordered on satire as Fred queried Sen. Claghorn (Kenny Delmar), Mrs. Nussbaum (Minerva Pious), Ajax Cassidy (Peter Donald), Titus Moody (Parker Fennelly).



W. C. Fields, Dotty Lamour visited Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen.



Eddie Cantor, here with Jane Carr, was first to use a "live audience."



Sports had its innings. Here, Babe Ruth interviewed by Graham McNamee.



Milton Berle mugged on a brand-new medium and became Mr. Television.



TV screens got bigger, shows got spectacular, and NBC commissioned opera, "Amahl," to be repeated this Dec. 16.



Coming soon: On Alcoa Hour, Dec. 23, Betty Madigan, Vic Damone, Basil Rathbone, in "The Stingiest Man in Town."

TIP-OFF ON HY GARDNER

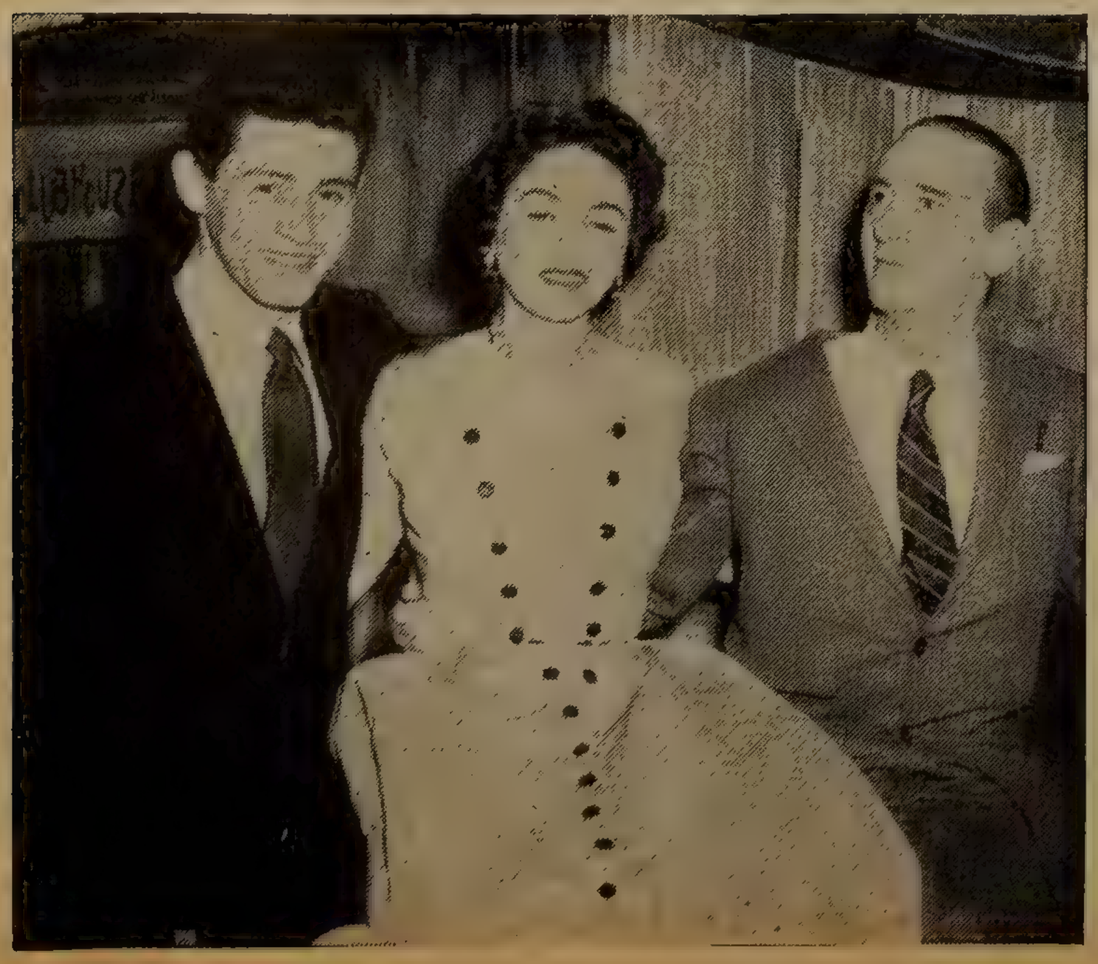




When it's Hy Gardner calling, questions—and answers —are frank. Marilyn checks items, lines up TV guests.



Her boss is a dynamo, but nice, says Marilyn. And how many secretaries can have Eddie Fisher sing for them?





Hy covers the bistros. Marilyn often comes along as he gets first-hand scoops from stars such as Peter Lorre.

Tip-Off: Hy Gardner, syndicated *Herald Tribune* columnist, now on WRCA-TV, earned two dollars for his first byline.
Check-Up: Right, says Hy, who saw a copy of the Rogers Peet company publication when his mother took him shopping for his first pair of long pants. He sold them a series of quips and cartoons, decided then and there he'd write a column for a New York paper. Later, in high school, Hy contributed items to a Broadway columnist. Salary: A monthly lunch.
Tip-Off: Success for Hy came by mail.
Check-Up: "Yes," admits the lean and fifty-ish New Yorker. "I'd run an ad agency and had a syndicated column, but no New York byline. The *Tribune,* which hadn't had a columnist in 108 years of publishing, turned me down. So, for a month I wrote a column, set it up in their style of type, and mailed it special delivery to every executive of the paper, with the notation: 'Excerpts from a column which *should* be running in the *New York Herald Tribune.*' They finally hired me to see how much circulation they could lose." Columnist Hy is now a "policy" man on the paper, too.
Tip-Off: Hy is doing an Ed Murrow on WRCA-TV.
Check-Up: "The differences between our show and Ed's *Person to Person* are that ours is a news show, not a personality show, and that Ed spends more on cigarettes than we do on our entire show!" Hy's talking about *Hy Gardner Calling,* seen Sundays at 11:15 P.M. Using a split screen, Hy telephones people in show business or in the news. The wires crackle with forthright questions and equally forthright answers. As Hy explains, "I know where all the bodies are buried. I know them and they know me." Guests on *Hy Gardner Reporting,* weekdays at 11:20 P.M., answer the frank queries face to face.
Tip-Off: As a boss-man, Hy is tough.
Check-Up: We checked this with Marilyn Boshnick, Hy's secretary for six years and the fetching brunette who answers the phone on the Sunday show. "Hy is a very busy man, a bit impatient," she told us. "And it takes time to get used to working for a dynamo." Marilyn is a would-be actress turned secretary. She admits Hy fired her after her first year, but, after six months and thirteen secretaries, invited her back. "You learn how to use your ingenuity working for people like Hy," she says. "And my hours are much better than Rose Bigman's, who didn't train boss Winchell right!"
Tip-Off: "Champagne Before Breakfast" sums up Hy.
Check-Up: "I made the title up for a book, while lolling in a hayloft."

INFORMATION BOOTH

(*Continued from page 7*)

Mustache Memories

I would like to know something about Robert Wright, who does the commercials on $64,000 Challenge.

M. G., Hartford, Conn.

Currently, Robert Wright, spokesman for Kent cigarettes on *Challenge* and other programs, is telling the story of how he and Dave Garroway finally met. Last year, Bob commuted from New York to the West Coast to do commercials in *Wide Wide World*. He and Garroway spoke and saw each other via the monitor, but they never met face to face. When they finally did meet, Bob had grown a mustache for his appearance in the spectacular, "Rosalinda," with Cyril Ritchard—and Dave failed to recognize his colleague. The mustache is gone now and, Bob says, he misses it. . . . Born in Columbia, Missouri, Bob comes from a musical family. His mother taught elocution. "Speech, I think they call it now," Bob says. When he was eighteen, Jane Froman's mother heard him sing and sent him to New York. He sang at the Cocoanut Grove and in the Campus Choir, one of the first of the humming choirs. He appeared on most of the top radio shows and then, when lean times came, Bob borrowed twenty-five dollars and worked his way to Europe, where he did some singing. Then back to the U. S., and radio work on stations in St. Louis and Tulsa, giving concerts, singing on tours. He was in the first TV performance of Menotti's "The Telephone," announced on *You Are There*, had a running part in *Road Of Life* and appeared on *Hallmark Hall Of Fame*. He was in "Make Mine Manhattan" with Sid Caesar, played a lead on Broadway and on the road in "Kiss Me Kate," recorded the "Miss Liberty" album with Al Goodman. . . . He has three places to hang his hat. There's a Manhattan apartment for hectic days, a vacation place in the Adirondacks, and a house in Connecticut complete with wife Lyda (he calls her "Boots"), sons Pete, 16, and Tom, 13, and twins Billie and Kelly, 7.



Robert Wright



Amanda Blake

Gunsmoke Gal

Could you please give me some information about Amanda Blake?

P. M., Warsaw, Ill.

"My past, present and future are all the same," claims vivacious Amanda Blake. "I've never wanted to be anything but an actress." And the titian-tressed Amanda, who can currently be seen as Kitty on CBS-TV's *Gunsmoke*, has a pile of credits to prove it. Buffalo-born, Amanda moved to Claremont, California, while still in high school. After a year at Pomona College, Amanda headed straight for summer stock in New England. Next came extensive little-theater and radio work in Buffalo, eventually followed by an M-G-M contract and appearances in "Lili," "The Glass Slipper" and other films. Her TV debut was made on *Schlitz Playhouse Of Stars*, and you may have seen Amanda on any or all of the following: *General Electric Theater, Four Star Playhouse, Cavalcade Of America, Lux Video Theater, My Favorite Husband, Professional Father, The Red Skelton Show*, and *Climax!* . . . Amanda displays special prowess in swimming and fencing. She has a charming disregard for conventional mealtime hours. Dinner she'll eat, but lunch goes by the boards—unless she has a special appointment—and for breakfast there is only coffee, followed by "gallons of it" during the day. Since 1954, Amanda has been the wife of TV director Don Whitman. The Whitmans live in an eight-room modern home in the Woodland Hills section of San Fernando Valley. A boxer dog and two Siamese cats have the run of the house. Quips Amanda: "We don't share the home with them. It's more a case of vice-versa."

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV Radio Mirror, *205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.*

Peggy's DISMAL



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol brings faster, and more complete relief from menstrual suffering—because it acts three ways. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues." Peggy now takes MIDOL at the first twinge of menstrual pain or distress.

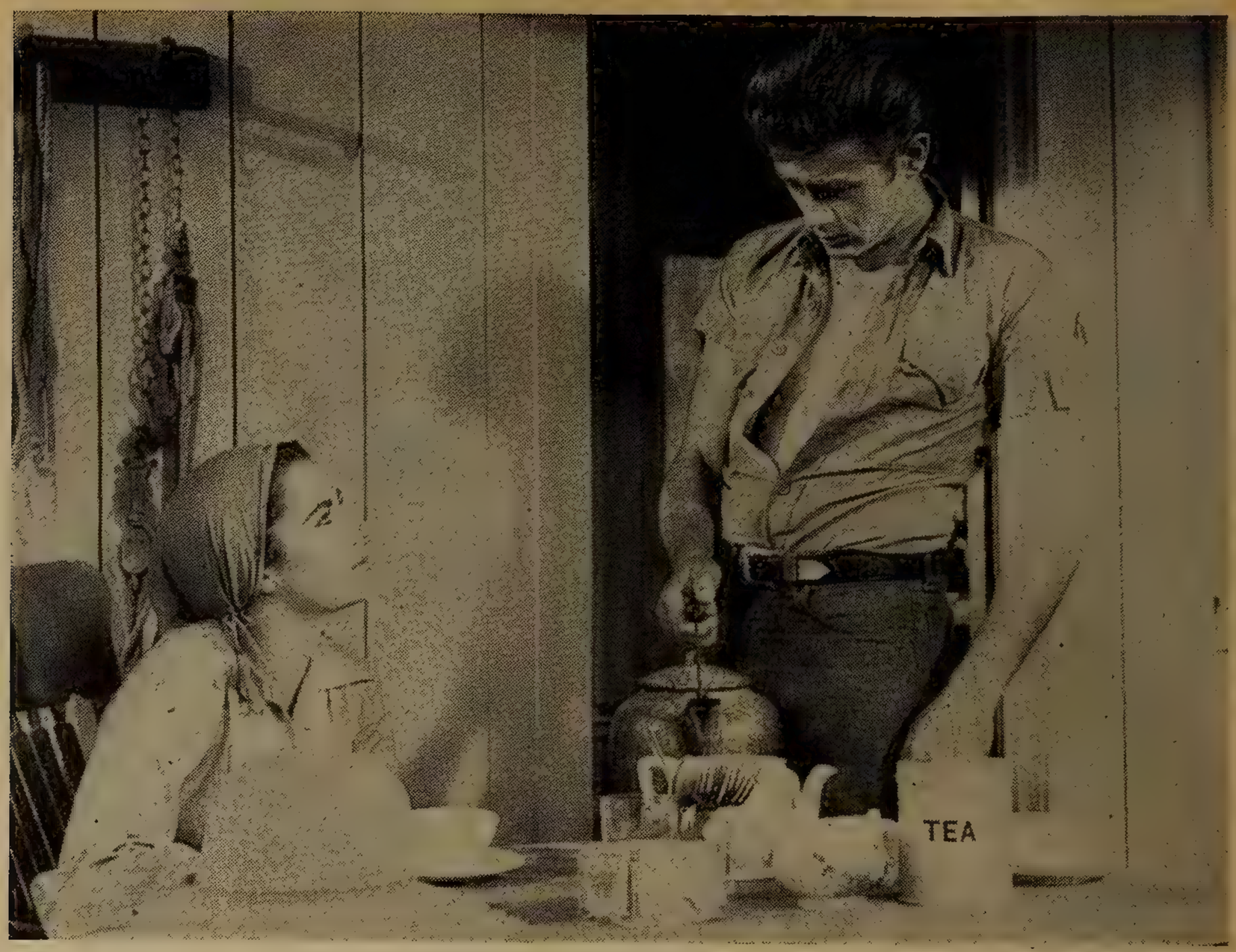
"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-17, Box 280 New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Peggy's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol

As an adopted Texan, Elizabeth Taylor believes that James Dean shares her discontent.



TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

TV favorites on your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

Giant

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

Colossal in title and subject, this highly colored drama draws on top people of two fields. Rock Hudson, as ruler of a Texas cattle empire, Elizabeth Taylor, as his rebellious Maryland bride, are both Hollywood-trained. But important roles are competently handled with skill honed by TV experience. As a sulky cowhand who becomes a free-spending oil millionaire, the late James Dean does a vivid job. Newcomers Carroll Baker and Dennis Hopper are troublesome children of Rock and Liz. Then there are Sal Mineo, as a Mexican-American neighbor, and radio vet Mercedes McCambridge, as Rock's sister.

The Ten Commandments

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

Pioneer in the march from television to movies, Charlton Heston has the greatest role of his career, playing Moses in the Biblical epic that is also the peak of C. B. DeMille's long career. Scenes of overwhelming spectacle pit Heston against Yul Brynner's Pharaoh. Anne Baxter as a lethal Egyptian princess, Yvonne DeCarlo as Moses' humble wife, John Derek as the militant Joshua, Edward G. Robinson as a traitor—big names go on.

Around the World in 80 Days

TODD; TODD-AO, EASTMAN COLOR

You'll have to see this huge, amusing extravaganza to believe it. Go with David Niven and Mexico's Cantinflas on a globe-circling dash in 1872. See the world—and stars ranging from Sinatra to Noel Coward, Bea Lillie to Marlene Dietrich, Edward R. Murrow to Red Skelton!

Westward Ho the Wagons!

BUENA VISTA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

Fresh and appealing, like most Disney-produced adventure tales, this yarn of Conestoga days teams Fess Parker with TV adversary Jeff York, as scouts leading a wagon train through Indian country. Trying to deal with hot-heads in his own group and in the local tribe, Fess still has time for romance with Kathleen Crowley. There's cheery music.

Reprisal!

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

In *Wild Bill Hickok* guise, Guy Madison would never be so hesitant as he seems here. Newly settled in a frontier town where Indians are persecuted, Guy refuses to take sides, disregarding pleas from gallant Felicia Farr and Indian maiden Kathryn Grant. His motive comes out: He is trying to escape prejudice by concealing his own half-Indian ancestry. But the final outburst of violence can't be avoided.

Public Pigeon No. 1

RKO, TECHNICOLOR

Red Skelton fans will enjoy the antics of the carrot-topped clown in this farce about an innocent lad victimized by swindlers. First seen on *Climax*, the story pairs Red with Sid Caesar's TV spouse, Janet Blair, and casts Vivian Blaine and Benny Baker among the villains of the piece.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

Friendly Persuasion (A.A., De Luxe Color): Charming story of Quakers in Civil War Indiana. Gary Cooper and Dorothy McGuire as parents; Tony Perkins, Phyllis Love as teenagers with problems.

The Opposite Sex (M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor): Gay, lavish musical about restless rich women. June Allyson, Leslie Nielsen are a warring couple; Joan Collins is a man-eater; Jeff Richards, a singing cowboy.

movies on TV

Showing this month

For your convenience in selecting your favorite movies from those shown on the TV screen in December, we give you these capsule reviews. This will be a continuing feature in TV RADIO MIRROR.

ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO (Warners): Drama of 19th century France, excellently acted by Bette Davis, governess named as motive for nobleman Charles Boyer's alleged murder of wife Barbara O'Neil.

BEDTIME STORY (Columbia): Gay marital comedy presents Loretta Young as an actress eager to retire. As her playwright husband, Fredric March tries to thwart her. With the late Bob Benchley.

CAUGHT (M-G-M): Fine performances put a pat story across. Working girl Barbara Bel Geddes marries rich Bob Ryan, finds he's a neurotic, falls in love with James Mason, unselfish physician.

CHRISTMAS CAROL, A (U.A.): Annual revival of the beloved Dickens classic. This is the British version, with wonderful Alastair Sim as Scrooge, miser taught to appreciate the Christmas spirit.

CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT (Warners): Sassy adult farce presents Barbara Stanwyck as a career woman who poses as wife and mother, so she can entertain war hero Dennis Morgan.

CONFIDENTIAL AGENT (Warners): Colorful suspense story of Spain's civil war. In London intrigues, Charles Boyer upholds the anti-Franco cause, aided by Lauren Bacall. Wanda Hendrix scores.

CORN IS GREEN, THE (Warners): Another strong Bette Davis portrayal. She is a spinster schoolteacher in Wales, advancing the career of student John Dall, though Joan Lorring interferes.

DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS (Warners): Warmly appealing family drama. Father Claude Rains returns to wife Fay Bainter and grown children. Priscilla Lane teams with the late John Garfield.

DEVOTION (Warners): Turbulent story of the writing Bronte sisters (Ida Lupino, Olivia de Havilland, Nancy Coleman), their problem brother (Arthur Kennedy), a rift-making suitor (Paul Henreid).

FABULOUS DORSEYS, THE (U.A.): Lots of lively music fills the biography of Jimmy and Tommy, playing themselves in a story of feuding bandleaders. Janet Blair, Bill Lundigan romance.

GIRL, A GUY AND A GOB, A (RKO): In an affable screwball comedy, Lucille Ball's the girl (with a wacky family). Edmond O'Brien's the stuffy guy. George Murphy's the dancing gob.

I'LL BE SEEING YOU (U.A.): Affecting study of a GI's recovery from combat fatigue. Vet Joseph Cotten finds healing through Yuletide friendship with parolee Ginger Rogers.

IN THIS OUR LIFE (Warners): Bette Davis plays a venomous Southern girl, with Olivia de Havilland as her civilized sister. Explosive drama springs from manslaughter Bette commits.

KISS OF DEATH (20th): Tough, top-flight thriller, famous for Richard Widmark's debut role, a giggling gunman. As a convict, Vic Mature turns stool pigeon for the sake of wife Coleen Gray.

MATING OF MILLIE, THE (Columbia): Any bus-rider will laugh at the first sequence. Glenn Ford's the driver; Evelyn Keyes, the career girl who must find a husband before adopting a child.

MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE (RKO): Any home-builder will laugh (tears in eyes) at Cary Grant's efforts to get his house finished, with wife Myrna Loy supervising.

ONCE UPON A TIME (Columbia): Here's Cary again, as a publicity man who finds a dancing caterpillar. Little Ted Donaldson is likeable, as the creature's owner; Janet Blair plays his sister.

RAMROD (U.A.): Crisp, top-flight Western. Tough ranch-owner Veronica Lake hires Joel McCrea to defend her holdings. Don Defore is Joel's pal; Preston (*Waterfront*) Foster is chief bad guy.

ROARING TWENTIES, THE (Warners): Lusty re-creation of a wild decade has Jimmy Cagney as a likeable bootlegger and Humphrey Bogart as a murderous racketeer. With Priscilla Lane.

SIGN OF THE RAM, THE (Columbia): The late Susan Peters—crippled in real life when she made the film—does an arresting job as a wheelchair-bound girl exerting evil influence on her family.

SPIRAL STAIRCASE, THE (RKO): Splendidly photographed, well-acted thriller. Servant to Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy McGuire is a mute who solves the mystery involving Rhonda Fleming.

STAGE STRUCK (Warners): Mild musical teams Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, husband and wife when the picture was made. Dick is director of a stage show; Joan, temperamental star; Jeanne Madden, understudy.

THREE STRANGERS (Warners): Adult melodrama links unlikely trio in ownership of a sweepstakes ticket: Geraldine Fitzgerald, selfish wife; the late Sydney Greenstreet, embezzler; Peter Lorre.

TOVARICH (Warners): Pleasing light comedy about Russian refugees in Paris. Prince Charles Boyer and his wife, Grand Duchess Claudette Colbert, work as butler and maid, outwit Basil Rathbone, a Red.

UNSUSPECTED, THE (Warners): Thoroughly mystifying murder mystery casts Claude Rains as a suave radio star, Joan Caulfield as a confused girl, Michael North as her supposed husband.



"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"



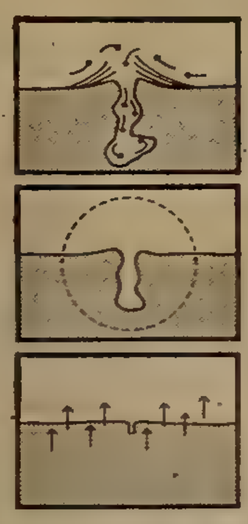
New! Clearasil Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works.* In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.

2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

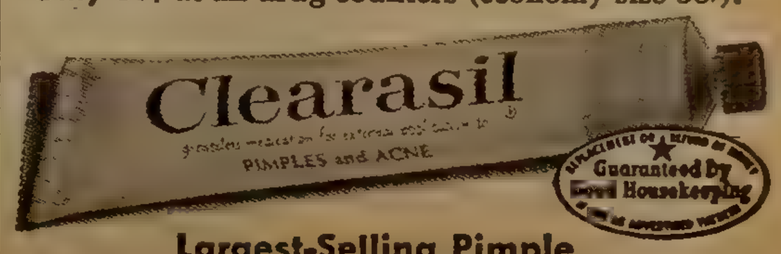
3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES
CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. **Only 69¢** at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).



Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)

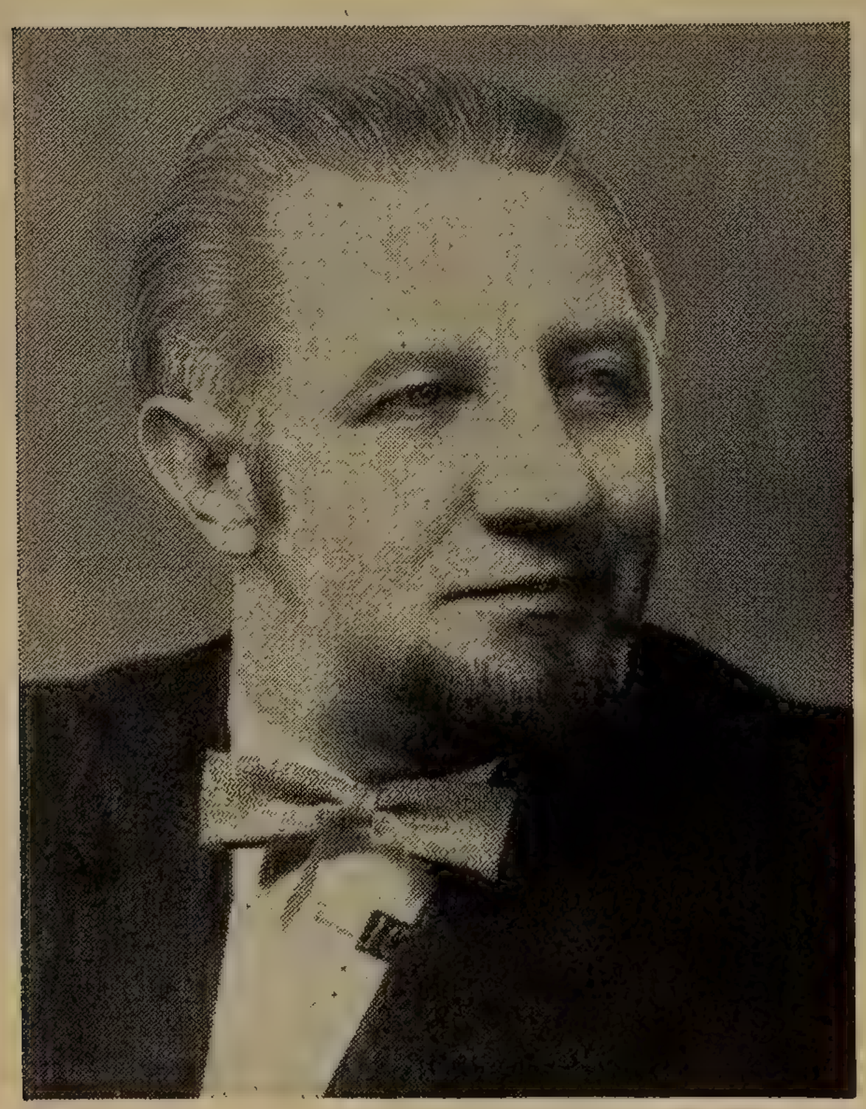
Moovin' and Groovin'

George Lorenz may be

"nothing but a Hound Dog,"

but to WKBW listeners

this deejay's "the most."



Jive jargon is George's ad-lib specialty. Home, "the hound is around" wife Rita, twins Frankie and Freddie, Linda, George E.



A MOURNFUL CANINE faces the moon and wails. This is the signal for a crazy cat named Hound Dog to flip some discs containing the coolest sounds on wax. Hound Dog keeps his thousands of fans rockin' with the beat of his "moovin' and groovin'" sounds, heard from 7:15 to 10:00 P.M., Monday through Saturday, over Buffalo's WKBW. Buffalo's bearded blockbuster—dubbed "The Granddaddy of Rock 'n' Roll" by Canadian fans—is in reality a genial guy named George Lorenz. . . . At age fifteeen, George was selected as a radio actor by the Buffalo Broadcasting Company. Pursuing a career in sports and news announcing, George was set for a great job in 1946, when pneumonia struck. Upon recovery, he buried his disappointment in a tour of twenty-two Eastern and Midwestern states as a club and theater emcee. Returning to radio the following year, George joined the staff of Buffalo's WXRA. An early admirer of rhythm and blues and what he calls "rock billy," George started promoting it at WXRA, gave it an even bigger play, as Hound Dog, on a daily three-hour show for Niagara Falls' WJJL. Then, in June of 1955, The Hound Dog's Eighth Anniversary Celebration drew over 15,000 people to a park outside of Buffalo. After that, the glad news about George really got around, and WKBW signed him the following September. . . . George met his wife Rita on a blind date. They have four children: George E., 14; Linda Carol, 8; and twins Freddie and Frankie, 7. In 1952, Linda was felled by polio. So impressed was George by the unsolicited help given by the March of Dimes that he has since done extensive work on their behalf. A year ago, he conducted an all-night radio marathon that raised thousands of dollars for this cause. . . . The International Hound Dog Fan Club lists 27,000 members in the area served by powerful WKBW, which goes south to Georgia, east to Nova Scotia, north to Quebec and Ontario. There are almost 800 local chapters, with Buffalo, Toronto and Rochester the top three strongholds. Last May, 9200 packed Buffalo's huge Memorial Auditorium to see and hear Hound Dog, plus top recording stars. George accounts the tremendous several-minute ovation given him his greatest thrill. To listeners, he's just the most—to say the least!

Guests such as *Tonight's* Andy Williams comprehend George's lingo. It's original, but "English comes first."





By JOAN DAVIS
of "When A Girl Marries"

Can I help you?

IF YOU HAVE a problem you can't discuss with somebody close to you, TV RADIO MIRROR offers the opportunity to "talk things over" with Joan Davis on these pages. Joan, who is Mary Jane Higby in private life, has long proved a wise and sympathetic friend to ABC Radio listeners in the daily course of *When A Girl Marries*, and she's often received letters asking for advice on personal problems. We hope that her suggested solutions to the problems printed here may be of help to many readers. Letters cannot be returned or answered personally by mail, but if you wish to write to Joan, your letter may be among those answered here each month. Address letters to Joan Davis, TV RADIO MIRROR, Box 1719, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

Dear Joan Davis:

After many years of hard struggle, my husband and I now find ourselves in a position to do something we have planned to do ever since our marriage so long ago—take a trip to Europe. In fact, through saving constantly to make this dream come true, we have not allowed ourselves a real vacation in fifteen years. We are satisfied that we brought up our two daughters the very best we could. We have given them what extras we could afford, but nothing has been spent on ourselves. It was enough that we had this dream of travel to look forward to. Now, however, as we begin planning our trip, we realize our older daughter very bitterly resents our plans. She feels that, since we have this money put aside, we should devote it to sending her oldest boy, our oldest grandchild, to college, for which he will be ready next year. My daughter and her husband cannot afford to do this, and it is a hard problem for us because we love them all very dearly. Yet I do believe we should not sacrifice our dream, because we are old and it would not be a case of putting it off, but of giving up the whole idea. My husband inclines to think we should let the boy have the money but, although I feel selfish at times, I cannot agree.

Mrs. F. C.

Dear Mrs. F. C.:

Yes, I am sure there are many who would call your reluctance selfish. But, in spite of that, I am going to say that I believe your dream ought to be made a reality. The years of marriage and maturity behind you have surely taught you one of life's secrets—we cannot really shape the fate even of those we love best. Your daughter perhaps has made you feel that if you withhold financial help from your grandson, you may be responsible for damaging his future. But if this boy is college material, and if his desire to obtain a good education is sincere and well founded, there is no reason why he should not join the thousands of other young people who, each year, manage to find their way into our colleges by means of special programs, part-time jobs, scholarships, or perhaps even by delaying the start of their college careers for a couple of years in order to earn enough money to get themselves started. Also, I cannot see how your daughter imagines that a sum of money sufficient to see you and your husband through a brief tour of Europe would stretch very far over the figure four years of college, without scholarship aid, comes to nowadays. It appears to me that in a year or two your grandson would be on his own anyway. Of course it would be wonderful if you could wholeheartedly give him every possible help. But I cannot see the justice or good sense in forcing yourself to a really severe sacrifice which would only temporarily benefit him. You have already sacrificed and worked for your time of pleasure, and you have every right to enjoy it.

Dear Joan Davis:

I am a girl of foreign birth, and so long as I can remember I have hated the old-country ways of my family and have prayed for the day when I can break away and live my own way as a real American. But, as luck would have it, I have fallen very much in love with a young man with the very same background. I do love him, he is as fine and wonderful as one could dream, but I also listen to my mother's warnings that if I marry him I will never become a real American. Both of us received only part of our education here, and we both still have accents which embarrass me. Although my young man has many ambitions and ideas just like my own, he is very, very much attached to his family. My mother warns me we would always keep a closeness to them even though we lived in our own place and our own way. I do not want my children to have this foreign background! Would I be happier to give up this young man?

L. B.

Dear L. B.:

For the moment, L.B., forget your unborn children, forget your family, and forget your fiance's family. Think only of what you mean when you say *I have fallen very much in love.* You remind me of a girl I knew, long ago, who started filling her hope chest with heavy, elaborate sterling silver and formal linen when she was only in high school, preparing for the day when she would have a large, expensive home and a husband to match. This girl would turn down even a movie date with any boy who didn't fit into her preconceived notion of what her life was going to be like. Eventually, she married a much older man, and for all I know is perfectly happy, but somehow I have my doubts. The point I'm trying to make, L.B., is that you don't fall in love with an idea, but a person. Forget your own fears about the background you dislike, and ask yourself first of all if this is really the man for you. It speaks well for him that he is attached to his family, but unless he is so abnormally attached to them that you know they will be running your home and your life, it seems to me you are unduly worried about their influence. If he *is* excessively attached to them, then once again it's not his background you ought to be worrying about but himself. But if it's just a normal affection, there's no reason for harm to come to your marriage through such feelings. You and he are going to set up your own home, build your own life, establish your own likes and habits and traditions. I suspect that your own aversion to what you call "old-country" ways makes you suspicious of every harmless, tolerant gesture of acceptance your fiance makes toward his family. Try to cultivate a live-and-let-live philosophy, remembering that acceptance and tolerance are basic to the American way of life you want for the family you are about to found. If you relax a little, step back and look at yourself and the situation you'll see that there is much that is good, valuable and attractive in those "old-country ways." And above all, don't make the fatal mistake of going into marriage grimly determined that your first job as a wife will be to drive a wedge between your husband and his family. If that's your attitude, then I emphatically advise you to postpone or even cancel your plans. It's not only unfair and unhealthy, but pretty indicative that if you're so concerned about your fiance's family, you're not nearly concerned enough with him to call your feeling love.

This is where it all began...

By MAXINE ARNOLD



San Franciscans wait in gala mood on City Hall balcony for favorite son Hal March—who's arriving from the airport by helicopter (left) with Mayor George Christopher.





Present and past join hands for a truly "happy ending," as Hal introduces his lovely wife, Candy, to Frank Morton, his home-room teacher at George Washington High School.



Hal March and his wife Candy arrive at the San Francisco airport for a triumphal return to his home town.

Part one of a two-part story

Home again in San Francisco, Hal March found the roots, the rich warm earth from which grew his success on The $64,000 Question

It was one of those moments you dream about, without ever quite believing. As he himself was to say, later on, when he had recaptured his voice and his thoughts, "You watch it happen to others, but when it happens to you—well, you just don't believe it. . . ."

Foggy of throat and touched beyond words, Hal March stood on the steps of the City Hall, holding the key to his home town. Overhead a red bunting banner, half-a-story high, welcomed him. Never before, Hal March knew, had there been a banner quite like this one over San Francisco's City Hall.

Continued

This is where

(Continued)



Celebrating return to San Francisco, Hal March is flown by helicopter from San Francisco Airport to City Hall. In "whirlybird" with Hal, San Francisco's Mayor George Christopher and pilot.



After formal greetings, Hal was mobbed and cheerfully signed autographs (below). Then party drove off with Cyril Magnin, president of Joseph Magnin's store. In car, left to right, are Candy, Judy Weld (Miss San Francisco), Hal, Cyril Magnin.



On steps of City Hall, Mayor Christopher hands gold Key to the City to Hal March—home-town boy who made good. Says Hal, "You watch it happening to you, but you just don't believe it."



Words were his business. Words and answers. But now neither the words nor the answers would come. . . .

Only a few blocks from where he now stood, a kid with restless dreams in his dark eyes once half-heartedly dished out sweet butter and kosher corned beef behind the counter of his dad's delicatessen store. Living for the day when he could break away—and into the exciting world of show business, where the happy music for living was made. . . .

One rainy night—eighteen years ago now—with no job in sight Harold Mendelson had hitched a ride to Hollywood to try his luck in that world. Taking with him the warm-if-fearful wishes of his own family . . . and the words of the skeptical, like the big merchant on their street. "You an actor? What makes you think you can act?" he'd scoffed. "You'll wind up back on McAllister Street with the rest of us. Mark my words." Heading south that night, with the rain flooding down, Hal had asked the Big Fellow Upstairs to be on his side . . . and to go with him all the way. . . .

it all began...



Hal's high-school counselor and home-room teacher, Frank Morton, says, "Frankly, Hal didn't require much counseling. He knew definitely what he wanted to do, and he just did it."

Now he was back home in triumph, with all the trimmings.

Half an hour ago, together with his beautiful bride, Candy, he'd landed at San Francisco's International Airport, into a battery of reporters and photographers and television and newsreel cameras. He was met by Mayor George Christopher, by the president of the Chamber of Commerce, by Frank Morton, his "home-room teacher" in high school, by Cyril Magnin, his host—and by a whole card-section of cheering teenagers holding signs reading, "Welcome Home, Hal." and "San Francisco Welcomes Hal March." He'd stepped into a red helicopter with the mayor, and landed in the plaza in front of the City Hall . . . and the crowd had really closed in. . . .

Now he was holding a king-sized gold key to the city by the Golden Gate, and speakers were rising and warming to the occasion, one by one. Phrases were coming through to him. Phrases like "San Francisco's own native son . . . distinguished star . . . achieved the peak of his profession . . . admired by millions . .

Continued



Next, E. L. Littlefield, President of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, adds his plaudits of Hal at City Hall (above). At a later gathering, Chief of Police Frank Ahearn greets Hal.



Reunion with boyhood friends who played together on neighborhood football team. L. to r. Sam Elkind (now dramatic coach), Jim Diamond (advertising man), Hal, and Dr. Edward Susnow.



This is where it all began...

(Continued)



Here's his alma mater—George Washington High School. He was student body prexy, graduated in 1937.



Hal at 18th and San Carlos Streets, trying to remember in which house he was born. Neighborhood has changed.

king of emcees." Hal would never forget this moment.

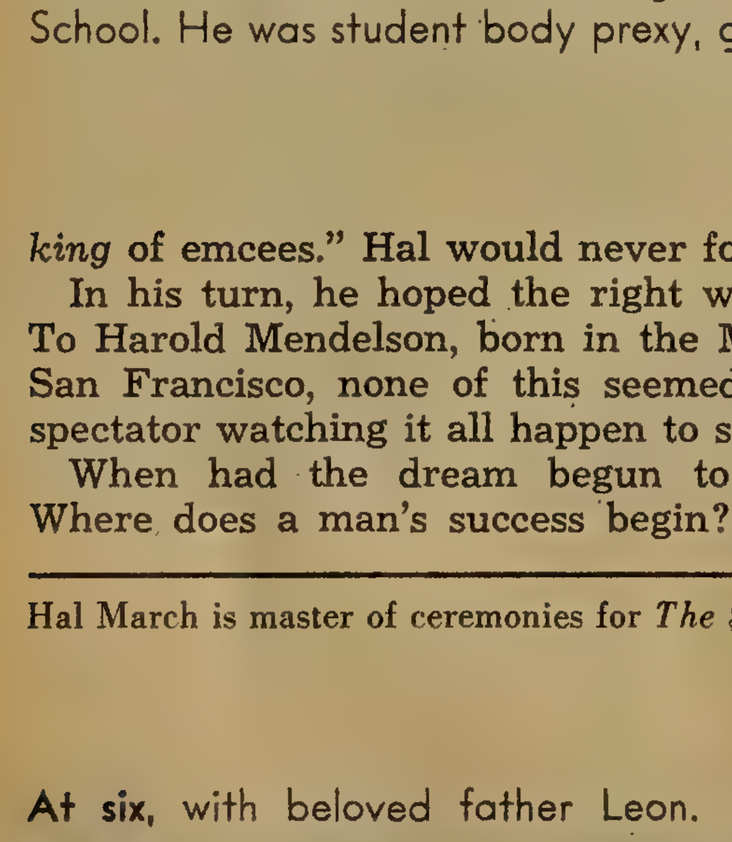
In his turn, he hoped the right words would come. To Harold Mendelson, born in the Mission District of San Francisco, none of this seemed real. He was a spectator watching it all happen to somebody else. . . .

When had the dream begun to become reality? Where does a man's success begin? When he signed the contract for Revlon's fabulous show, *The $64,000 Question* . . . or before? The night of the junior high school play—his first time on stage—when he heard the happy music of laughter and applause for him, saw the happy faces out front, all watching him?

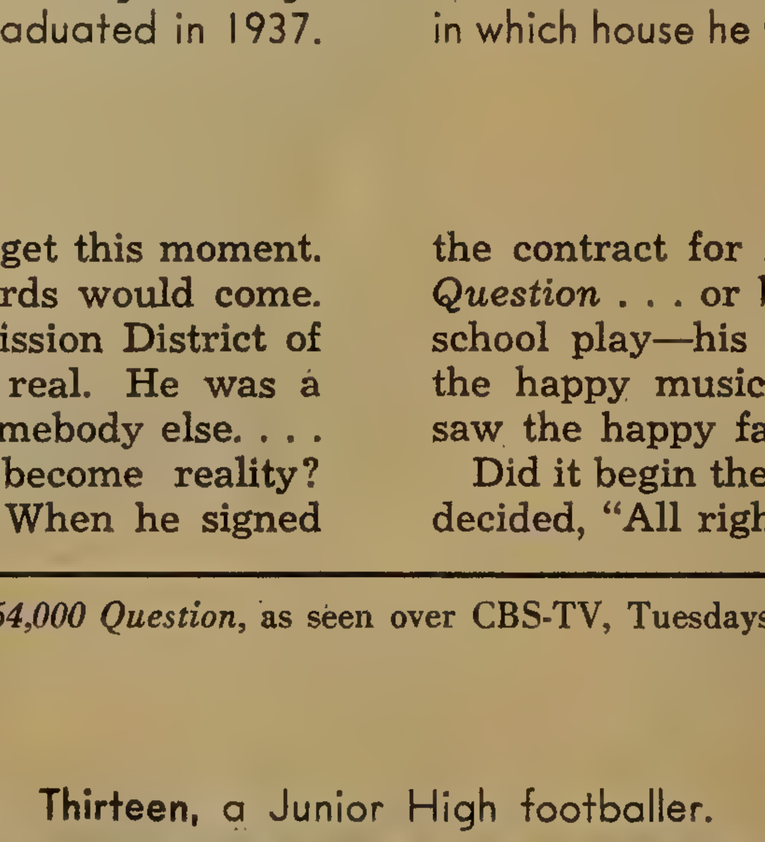
Did it begin the day his understanding mother wisely decided, "All right, you don't (*Continued on page* 70)

Hal March is master of ceremonies for *The $64,000 Question*, as seen over CBS-TV, Tuesdays at 10 PM, EST, sponsored by Revlon, Inc.

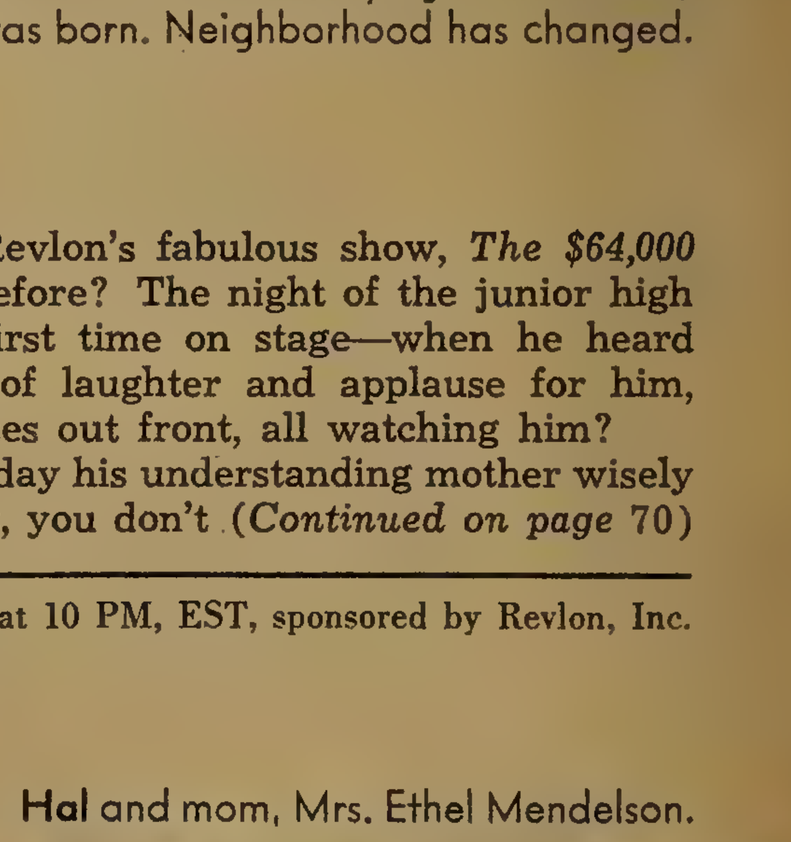
At six, with beloved father Leon.



Thirteen, a Junior High footballer.



Hal and mom, Mrs. Ethel Mendelson.



Touring the neighborhood where he lived as a child, Hal and Candy were surrounded with shopkeepers and neighbors who wished them well. Here in front of what used to be his father's delicatessen, now a launderette.



Friend and counselor, Dave Apfelbaum, cut Hal's hair as a boy. He predicted, "You're going to be on top . . ."



First show job was at President Theater, San Francisco. Hal revisited theater, joked with John "Higgy" Sambra.

Your favorite redhead gives some person-to-person answers to questions about himself, his work, and the things he believes in



Let's Talk with ARTHUR GODFREY

GODFREY ANSWERS TEN QUESTIONS

1. **What are your future plans for TV?**
2. **What do you expect to be doing 20 years from now?**
3. **What do you think of American women?**
4. **What goal in life should people have—success, happiness?**
5. **What principles have guided you to success?**
6. **Who is the most memorable woman or man or entertainer you have known?**
7. **What is the most difficult problem you have faced?**
8. **What makes you angry?**
9. **What advice would you give to a young person who wants to get into TV?**
10. **What kind of world do you hope for your children?**

By MARTIN COHEN

TO DEFINE a word is not always easy. To define a man is sometimes impossible. The popular image of Arthur Godfrey is that of a great entertainer, but he is more, much more. He is just as good a neighbor off the air as he is on. His hand is extended to all men. Those who are lucky enough to meet him learn this, and quickly. Take Leonard S. Mayer, a Wyoming cowboy, whose job it was to handle contestants at a rodeo.

Arthur spent a week in Cheyenne and the Wednesday-night Godfrey show was televised at the rodeo. During the show there was an incident not seen on TV. A drunk came flopping into the act, and it wasn't an act. The drunk was shouting and heading for Arthur with threatening gestures. Arthur, in cowboy duds, was atop a horse. Around his neck was a Budlemans mike. This mike acts as an independent transmitter and it was live, for Arthur was narrating. He saw the drunk coming toward him but couldn't say (*Continued on page* 67)

Arthur Godfrey Time is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 to 11:30 A.M., and seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 to 11:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* is seen over CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M., sponsored by Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., The Toni Company, and Paper-Mate Pens. *The Arthur Godfrey Show* is seen over CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., as sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, the Kellogg Company, Bristol-Myers (Ban, Bufferin, Vitalis, Ipana), Toni and Paper-Mate. (All times EST)



Godfrey, the man of multiple interests, is not often able to "just sit down and talk." But he wishes he could. (Above) On plane. (Below) At farm.





Meet Rosemary Prinz, record-



Backyard script session. Rosemary Prinz, who plays Penny Hughes on *As The World Turns,* and pet cocker.



Rosemary keeps the "new Penny" shiny-bright, with regular beauty care of her lovely skin and hair.

Shiny New Penny

By FRANCES KISH

WHEN Rosemary Prinz was only seventeen and just out of Forest Hills High School, in Forest Hills, New York, she was playing the part of the King's mistress—the mature and sophisticated Aurore—in Diana Barrymore's touring company of "Joan of Lorraine." Now that Rosemary is reaching twenty-six (next January 4), a married woman for more than five years, she plays a fancy-free seventeen-year-old! For she is the delightfully irrepressible Penny Hughes, in the CBS-TV daytime drama, *As the World Turns.* A topsy-turvy situation, confusing to (*Continued on page* 75)

Rosemary Prinz is Penny Hughes in *As The World Turns,* CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 to 2 P.M. EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Ivory Snow, Oxydol, and Crisco.

spinning, telephone-talking teenager who enchants you on As the World Turns





Rosemary and husband Michael Thoma are proud of the new ranch-type house they've just bought. Rosemary's mother, Virginia, is decor "consultant."



Homemaker Rosemary lights the stage for dinner. Modern home has many interesting decorative touches, such as glass table and patterned wall.





Commuter by car, Rosemary drives 35 miles daily to New York to act on *As The World Turns*. Her new home is in foothills of Ramapo Mountains.



All-electrical kitchen has an in-the-wall oven, a boon to Rosemary, who is fast becoming an expert in zesty sauces, roasts and fancy cakes.



By DORA ALBERT

IT WAS about sixteen years ago, and the Jack Baileys were celebrating the first Christmas after their marriage. On Christmas morning, Jack, his wife Carol, and a newspaperman went to call on a poor family selected by a San Diego newspaper. They were bearing gifts—a large, delectable turkey, and a basketful of Christmas goodies. The basket had been provided by a Good Will club; the turkey by the newspaper. The Baileys would happily have contributed both turkey and basket, but the Baileys just couldn't afford to.

All his life, Jack has been playing Santa Claus, whenever he could. But, that particular year, he was earning $15.50 a week, as junior announcer on station KGB in San Diego. That Christmas day, he was down to his last two dollars.

Afterwards, the newspaperman wished Jack and Carol a merry Christmas, and left to join his own family. And Jack said to Carol, with seeming lightness of heart, "Do

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Queen For A Day is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, at 4 P.M.—and heard over Mutual, M-F, at 11:30 A.M.—both EST, under multiple sponsorship.

GIFTS of the HEART

Jack Bailey knows that

gifts from the heart are solid gold—

no matter what the price



Jack, on *Queen For A Day,* is a Santa Claus in mufti for Mrs. Dorsie Redding, a widowed storekeeper from Union Star, Missouri. Her dearest wish—to remodel Union Star Christian Church to accommodate Sunday School.



Sentimental Jack compares solid-gold replica to the old watch Carol gave him for Christmas early in their marriage. Below, Jack and Carol survey their private paradise from steps of their Hollywood home.



you know, darling, we should have stolen a leg of that turkey!" Carol grinned, her blue-gray eyes lighting up with amusement. She knew perfectly well that their Christmas fund that year just wouldn't cover the cost of turkey. Nor would it pay for a turkey dinner in the kind of swanky restaurant to which Jack would have liked to take her.

"Time for our Christmas dinner," said Jack, as they reached a cafe which served Christmas dinners at a reasonable price for them.

Once seated at the counter inside, he stole a look in his wallet, and verified the (*Continued on page* 60)

PETER DONAT'S

Brightest Day



Happy the bride the sun shines on. The happy couple with Peter's mother Marie and father Phillip. And then the cake.





For her, he would pluck the moon from the sky . . . tie up the world in ribbon, deck it with bells . . . for she is his beloved wife, Michael Learned Donat



Michael and Peter made many furnishings for their honeymoon home, here work on cabinet.



Hard work makes hearty appetites. Michael and Peter eat a mid-day snack at coffee table.

By MARIE HALLER

IT ALL STARTED with a crossword puzzle . . . our romance, that is. And though we never finished the puzzle, we did finish the romance," said Peter Donat. "What I mean is, the romance ended in marriage. Well, no, I don't really mean that either. Marriage doesn't *end* romance . . . rather, it's a continuation of romance. Forgive me if I seem somewhat confused. I know what I mean, but I'm not sure I'm getting the point across. You see, the whole thing is a little new to me."

Probably no truer words were ever spoken. At the time Peter Donat—Stephen Markley in CBS-TV's *The Brighter Day*—aired this philosophy about marriage, it was exactly one week and three days after his wedding. Also, he was speaking while holding the hand of his utterly entrancing young bride, Michael Learned Donat. And the way he held Michael's hand revealed considerably more than any number of well-chosen words.

The crossword-puzzle angle of their romance

See Next Page ⟶

Third member of the Donat menage is Archie, a feline tyrant adopted on Bermuda honeymoon.



Crossword-puzzle addicts Michael and Peter were first drawn to each other by shared hobby.



PETER DONAT'S

Brightest Day

took place in the summer of 1955 at the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Connecticut. Young actor Peter Donat from Nova Scotia was there to take part in a number of the plays. Young American actress Michael Learned was a student in the Academy which is run in connection with the festival. Michael's family live in near-by Darien.

"I spotted Michael soon after I arrived," Peter confessed, "but we were all so busy I couldn't do anything about her right away. Eventually we were both in the same production, though—'Julius Caesar'—and one night while waiting for our cues I introduced myself. During the small talk that followed, I found Michael liked to do crossword puzzles, and I latched onto this as the excuse for our first evening together. That puzzle was never finished. If I had had any idea what that puzzle was going to lead to, I would most certainly have kept it as a memento."

It was a wonderful summer for both, but much too soon came September and the parting of the ways. Michael returned to London, England, where she was studying dramatics. Peter headed for New York in search of TV assignments. Both were lonely. Though they had discussed marriage during their brief courtship, they had decided to wait. After all, they reasoned, this might just be a summer's romance . . . not the real thing at all. And, of course, though Peter had been in many TV shows over the course of a couple of years and had had a lot of road and touring company experience, he didn't at that moment have a steady job.



Michael and Peter Donat are themselves designing a number of the pieces of furniture for their new home. Plans are then turned over to professional to make.

Then it happened. He was called to audition for the role of Stephen Markley, a young assistant minister to the Reverend Dennis in *The Brighter Day*. Immediately upon reading the script, he liked the role. It became doubly important to get this role. First, it would be professionally satisfying. Second, it would be the steady job that would make marriage to Michael possible.

"If I may digress here for a moment," said Peter, "I'd like to say that I couldn't have been luckier if I had hand-picked a group of people to work with. Personally as well as professionally, the cast of *The Brighter Day* are tops. They made me feel welcome right away . . . they all seem to work for the show, not for themselves.

"But to get back to our romance: I didn't see Michael again until April, when she surprised me by coming back from England earlier than she had planned. I'll never forget our first meeting after her return. What would she be like? Would she have changed? Would we find that in reality ours was a summer romance? However, it took just one visit with each other to know . . . to cast aside our fears and start building for the future."

In short order—the following June, to be exact—they became officially engaged. But not without Peter's being kept in suspense again.

"I had been spending the weekend with Michael and her family in their home in Darien, Connecticut. On Saturday I asked Mr. Learned's permission to marry his daughter. Somewhat to my surprise, he said he'd have to think about it and give me his answer the next day. As you can see, it turned out to be 'yes,' but in the meantime I put in a pretty miserable Saturday night. Michael tried to assure me that the only reason her father was hesitating was because he was not sure I could 'manage' her. However, I was sure Mr. Learned still remembered the time we got put in jail together.

"It happened in Stratford when the Learneds took Michael and me to spend the night in Darien. The Learneds had driven up in an MG, a car not exactly designed to hold four people. However, Michael and I perched on the baggage carrier. Such overcrowding of a car is frowned upon by the police department. In nothing flat we found ourselves 'in residence' in a local jail somewhere between Stratford and Darien. It took several hours before we could arrange for another car and sufficient funds for bail.

"So now you see why I was sure Mr. Learned was holding all this against me. After all, I was more than somewhat responsible for his having spent time in jail!

"However, the following day he put me out of my misery and gave his permission for me to take care of Michael for the rest of our lives."

Though Michael had first thought she would like either a Christmas or spring wedding, as time went on these dates seemed further and further away and the reasons for waiting less and less. So a completely new date was arrived at, and on September 8, 1956, Michael and Peter were married in a lovely home garden ceremony.

"Let me tell you about the minister," chimed in Michael. "He was the son of the minister who married Mother and Dad. And even though he didn't know me at all, and had been just a boy when he knew Mother and Dad, he went to great lengths to rearrange his schedule to come from Boston, Massachusetts, to officiate. All in all, it was a wonderful wedding . . . the



Rehearsal time for cast of *The Brighter Day*. Stephen Markley (played by Peter Donat) discusses plot with Rev. Dennis (Blair Davies). Donat plays young minister.

minister, the day, the groom—everything was wonderful. And to add to the excitement, a cable of best wishes was received from Peter's famous uncle, Robert Donat, the English actor. You know the way everything is supposed to go wrong just before a wedding? Well, in our case it didn't. . . . no hitches, no complications."

"Which is more than you can say for our honeymoon," grinned Peter. "Michael has a great devotion to animals, all animals. Shortly after we arrived in Bermuda, Michael found a stray cat, probably one of the mangiest animals you've ever laid eyes on. Really three-quarters starved. Before I knew what was happening I found myself buying hamburger for Michael to sneak to 'Archie' in an unobtrusive spot behind the hotel. Then the next thing I found was Archie making himself at home in our room—somewhat to the dismay of the hotel management, who assured us that unless we intended to keep the cat we would have to get rid of it immediately. By this time getting rid of Archie was out of the question. We had become as attached to him as he had to us.

"Now all three of us are comfortably established in our four-and-a-half-room apartment in New York. Actually the apartment has been mine for the last three years. Now Michael and I are having great *fun* redecorating and furnishing to suit our immediate and future needs. I received expert training in the hammer-and-saw department with the first touring group I was with, while attending Acadia University in Nova Scotia. So most of the shelving and bookcases have been, or will be, made by me.

"On the whole, we're going about the business of home-making slowly, so that with any luck we'll avoid serious mistakes. After all, Michael and I have a lifetime ahead of us . . . a lot of crossword puzzles to be done, a lot of family to be raised, a lot of fun to be had together. In fact, a lifetime to devote to our romance."

The Brighter Day is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co. for Cheer, Gleem, and Crisco.



Family portrait includes Archie, the cat, whose rescue from an ill-fed life in Bermuda included some high-speed cutting of red tape to get him on plane.



Commuting student Pat Boone drives from Leonia, N. J., to Columbia University in New York City—hustles home to be with his wife Shirley, daughters Cherry and Linda.



They Swoon for BOONE

Two years and six million records since Lady Luck tapped Pat Boone . . . and modest Pat still wonders, "Why *me*?"

By GLADYS HALL

ON A DAY in February of 1955, young Pat Boone made his first recording, "Two Hearts, Two Kisses," for Dot Records. Phenomenally—for a first record made by a virtually unknown youngster from Nashville, Tennessee—it hit the Top Ten. "Ain't That a Shame," his second record, became the No. 1 best seller in the country.

"When you consider that hundreds of records are released every week in the year, it's a miracle to me for *anybody* to have a hit record," says Pat. "But to have your first record make the Top Ten, and your second become the No. 1 best seller—*why*, I asked myself in wonder and in humility, why *me*?"

In the short space of time between then and now, more than 6,000,000 successively successful Boone records have been sold. The dark, twenty-two-year-old young man who sings rock 'n' roll in a belting baritone, and ballads in a soft voice with a whispery quality, has been named "Most Promising Male Vocalist" by both *Billboard* and *Cash Box* magazines. As a frequent guest (almost a regular nowadays) on Arthur Godfrey's CBS-TV (*Continued on page* 78)

Pat Boone often guests on the Arthur Godfrey shows (see page 23)

Both Shirley and Pat are regular church-goers. Drive Sundays to New York church.

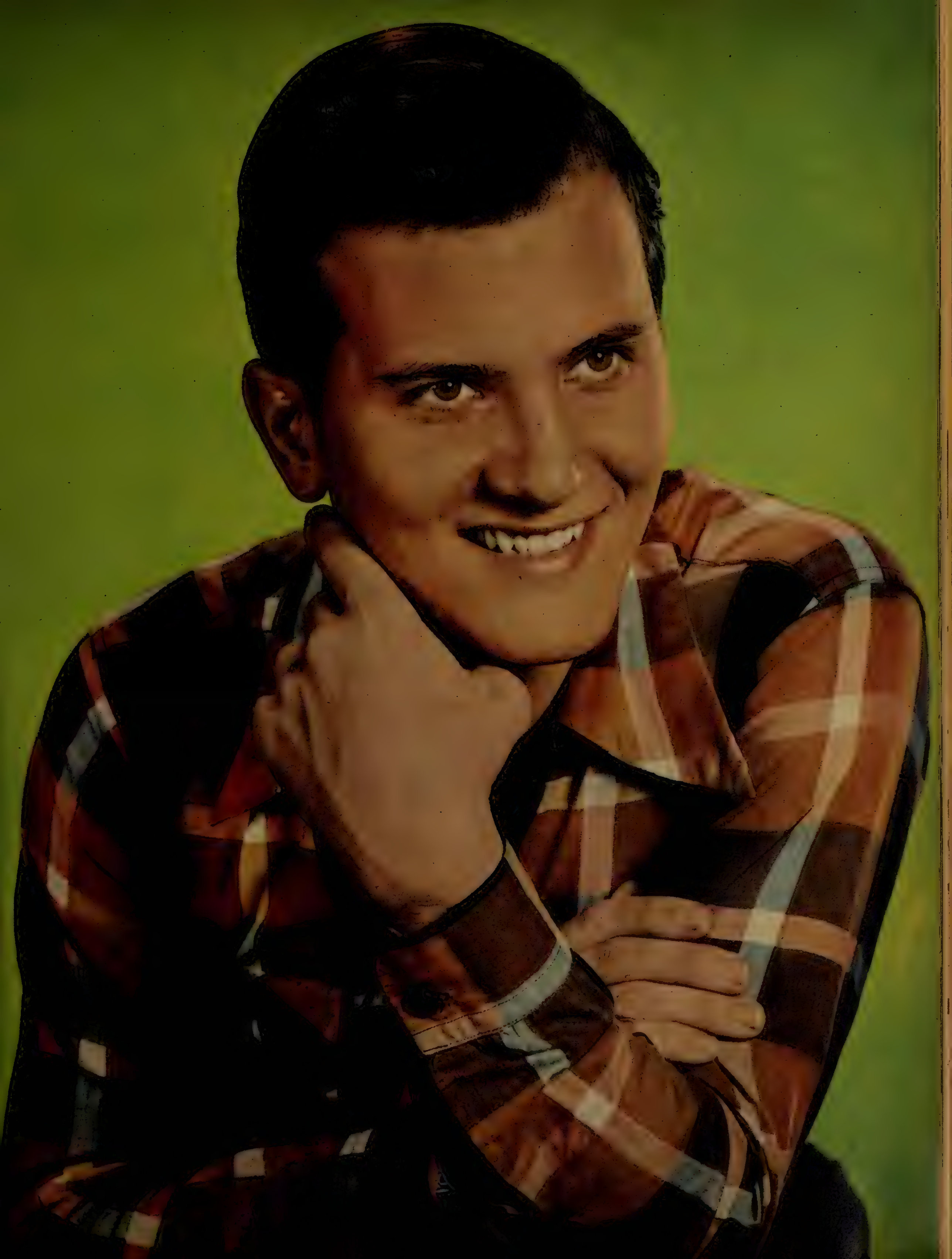


Pat and his famous father-in-law, Red Foley, star of TV show *Ozark Jubilee*.



Youngest Boone is Deborah Ann, who arrived on earth last September 22.





ELVIS on the Upbeat

Let the critics howl! Here, for the first time anywhere, is an honest and friendly appraisal of Elvis Presley, the 1956 hurricane of show business



Like everyone else at 20th Century-Fox, Richard Egan and Debra Paget—his co-stars in "Love Me Tender"—have found good reason to change first opinions of Presley. Director Robert Webb (below, left) smiles at Elvis, too.





Debra's mother, Mrs. Griffin, is impressed by his courtesy to her and his devotion to his own parents.

By EUNICE FIELD

THE NAME on the door of the portable dressing room reads: *"Elvis* Borgnine." No, that's no mistake—that's just one part of what they mean, when they say that the rock 'n' roll boy has set his stamp on Hollywood and the old town will never be the same again. For it's not only the teenagers who are ga-ga over Presley; his fans and supporters are springing up in the most surprising quarters.

Oscar-winning Ernest Borgnine is a fair sample. The pudgy star of "Marty" was resting between scenes of his new film, "Three Brave Men," while on another part of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, Elvis—who has already been declared a champion

Continued





Smash hit on TV—Presley with two band members on *The Ed Sullivan Show,* his close friend, Nick Adams, and his manager, Col. Tom Parker (right).



Movie money in the bank now, too. And, always, the cheering fans! Below, Elvis fulfills special request for an on-the-back autograph—in lipstick.



ELVIS on the Upbeat

(Continued)



Presley fan club officers Barbara Katsaros and Almira Jiminez tell the world how they feel—in costumes they themselves designed and sewed with love in every stitch.

in the fields of television and recording—was making his acting debut in "Love Me Tender." A knock came on the door and Borgnine admitted a balding man, almost as thick-set as himself.

"I'm Colonel Tom Parker," the man said, "Elvis Presley's manager." He handed the actor an album of records. "The kid heard you've been defending his singing, so he sent these over." The Colonel lit a cigar, eyeing Borgnine shrewdly. "He was aching to come himself," he added.

"Then why didn't he?" demanded the genial Borgnine.

"Because, sir, he thinks you're a great artist—and he's too doggone shy. You know what he said? 'I'd get cold feet as soon as I got to his door.' That's why he didn't come."

Borgnine chuckled. "We'll have to do something about that. Tell him to stop by tomorrow, if he can."

And so, when Elvis Presley, awed and respectful, approached that dressing room, he could hear his

Back in Tupelo, Miss., where Elvis was born, Mayor James L. Ballard presented him with a guitar-shaped "key to the city," as Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Elvis Presley proudly hovered near their famous son. It was still another kind of a dream come true, when Elvis got a chance to ride a horse in his new 20th Century-Fox film.

million-selling "Houn' Dog" blaring out a welcome—and painted on the door was a great artist's tribute to a bright new rising star: *Elvis* Borgnine!

But young Elvis Presley is rated highest of all by those who know him best. Aside from his circle of family and friends, this includes people who can usually be counted on to take an objective view—musicians with whom he has recorded, TV personalities on whose shows he has made guest appearances, his co-stars of "Love Me Tender," technicians, maintenance people, and even the office help who have had occasion to work for him. As an instance, there is his experience at Twentieth's Legal Department, headed by Frank Ferguson. Elvis arrived to sign his contract with two strikes against him, as far as the girls in that office were concerned. It seems the Colonel had asked that the entire contract be typed in capital letters, triple-spaced, instead of the simple double-spaced form they ordinarily used in typing contracts.

"It's not the extra work," one (*Continued on page* 62)





Golden Girl

As Annie Oakley, she can outshoot any man . . . yet, at home, Gail Davis is as feminine as a frilly petticoat

By BUD GOODE

ANNIE OAKLEY'S Gail Davis has a new home. The pert, blond sharpshooter with the gray eyes set her sights on a home of her own five years ago, when she first came to Hollywood. The dream was a long time coming true, but realized it was. Gail now owns a six-room bungalow, comfortable and congenial as an old friend, with its substantial couch and overstuffed living-room chairs. The pink and white bedroom is dainty and feminine as a little girl. There is a TV-hi-fi phonograph area built for "touch-control" living. The kitchen, with its copper and brass, expresses Gail's love for Western touches—even the sweet potatoes on the tiled kitchen shelf grow in hand-wrought copper mugs.

The grounds around Gail's new home easily could be used as background for one of Flying A Productions' *Annie Oakley* episodes. The front half of the lot is separated from the back by a rustic dell with a small brook running through it. It is blanketed with ferns. A footbridge of wood, hand hewn, (*Continued on page* 68)

Gail Davis stars in *Annie Oakley*, produced by Gene Autry's Flying A Pictures. It is seen over WABC-TV (New York), on Fridays, at 6 P.M. EST. See local newspapers for time and station in your area.



On tour, Gail wears tailored costumes—but she packs 'em with loving, womanly skill. At home, she prefers housecoats, particularly when breakfasting with Mother and sister Shirley in the new kitchen.



Modern: Gail's hi-fi and TV, her calf-bound set of *Annie Oakley* scripts. Strictly Western: Horse-stall hinges on the tall cabinet, the bronze head of boss-man Gene Autry, whose Flying A Pictures produces the popular series.

Shirley visits Gail every summer—Gail makes frequent flying trips to the family home in Little Rock, Ark.







CHRISTMAS with STARS



'Twas a night of tree and tinsel, ribbons and wrappings, and stars bearing gifts to Margaret E. Sangster, who had gifted them with words throughout the years. Seated on the floor are Abby Lewis, Rosa Rio, Margaret, Elaine Rost. Background: Carl Frank (seated), Bill Post, Jr., Hope Winslow, Mary K. Wells, John Seymour, Leon Janney, Johnny Winters, Lorna Lynn, Patsy O'Shea (seated).



Planning a party is half the fun. Patty Finch, who's worked with Margaret since 1941, and good friend Marjorie Ryan help with invitations.

Author Margaret Sangster opens her home—and her heart—to her friends from My True Story and Whispering Streets

NO NEED to add RSVP. Margaret Sangster was inviting her friends to share her first Christmas in the large, gracious Colonial home in Englewood, New Jersey. She knew they would all come . . . the actors, directors, everyone. They were friends of long standing. For fourteen years, Margaret has been adapting the experiences of real people for radio scripts on *My True Story*. For five years, she has created—out of the insight that comes only from a full life and a curious mind—the original stories narrated by Hope Winslow on *Whispering Streets*. The finest actors from radio and television, Hollywood and Broadway, had brought her stories, a different one each day, to life on ABC Radio. Actors and audience have always sensed the wit and wisdom, the love of people and of life that go into each script. In a way, this was a rehearsal for the family Christmas each guest would enjoy later in the holiday season. And the people who create these radio dramas have a family warmth for each other—and especially for Margaret, who wrote the happiest words of all: "Merry Christmas . . . welcome."

My True Story is heard over ABC Radio, M-F, at 10 A.M. *Whispering Streets* is heard on ABC Radio, M-F, at 10:45 A.M. Both EST, under multiple sponsorship.



Margaret decorates the first tree in her new home. She placed it before the fireplace, leaving Santa to manage as best he could.

See Next Page

CHRISTMAS with STARS

(Continued)



Welcome! Margaret greets Elaine Rost, Patsy O'Shea and Hope Winslow on one hand, and, on the other, Abby Lewis and her actor-husband John Seymour. Later, Patsy, Lorna Lynn and Abby met "Major" and "Princess Rose," exclaimed over special "powder room" for Margaret's cats.



Hostess Margaret introduces her two good friends, Leon Janney, who doubles in radio and on Broadway, and Carl Frank, who was the original *Young Dr. Malone*. Below, Hope Winslow, narrator of *Whispering Streets*, admires the fountain—it works!—in Margaret's office.





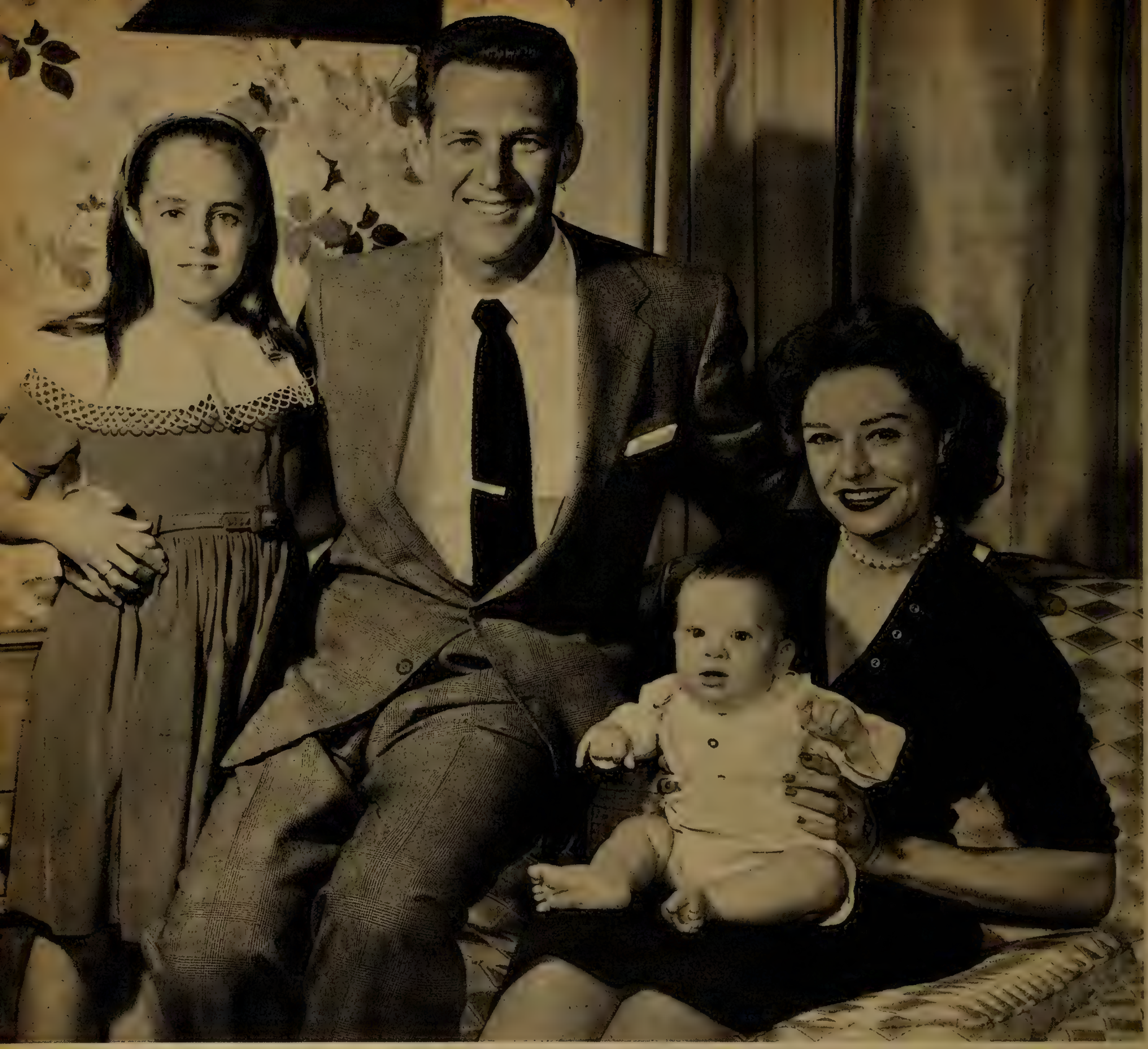
Christmas means carols, and Rosa Rio and Johnny Winters, organists for *My True Story* and *Whispering Streets,* were on hand to provide the music. Gathered 'round the piano: Bill Post, Jr. (seated), *My True Story* director Martin Andrews, Jim Boles, script editor John Ward Mitchell, Henry Barnard, Patsy O'Shea, Margaret, Elaine Rost, John Milton Williams, Abby Lewis, John Seymour, Hope Winslow, Carl Frank, Lorna Lynn, and Mary K. Wells.



Margaret's guests are active, versatile. Jim Boles has a new movie role, Henry Barnard is on Broadway. Mary K. Wells is on TV's *Love Of Life,* Lorna Lynn's on *Monitor.*



Director Martin Andrews, Carl Frank, Hope Winslow and Bill Post, Jr. have often followed Margaret's scripts. Today, the words were their own—"Thanks...and bless you."



Nutley, New Jersey, knows Judy Johnson as Mrs. Mort Lindsey, the girl they meet in supermarket with Bonnie and baby Steven.

A SONG FOR ROBERT Q

Judy Johnson finds it's quite a job to juggle singing for Lewis with being a housewife, too

By GREGORY MERWIN

JUST as for many other young housewives, at 6:30 A.M. there is a baby to change and feed, breakfast to be made, another child to get off to school, a trip to the supermarket, the laundry, another meal, clothes to pick up at the cleaner's, maybe a pie to bake, a spot to scrub out of the carpet, another meal—until 5:30. At 5:30 P.M., Mrs. Mort Lindsey, girl housewife, drives to the CBS studio in Manhattan to become Judy Johnson, girl singer.

Judy sings on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show.* She's a five-foot-three beauty, with golden-red hair and brown eyes designed to throw a long beam. (*Continued on page* 76)

Judy Johnson sings on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, as heard over CBS Radio, both on weekday evenings, Monday through Friday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, and on Saturday mornings, from 11:05 to 12 noon EST, under multiple sponsorship.



Mort and Judy Lindsey love their suburban life near New York. They live in a 75-year-old house, described by Judy as "early cracker-box," with lovely pillared porch.



Family sing is just as much fun as belting out a number for the Robert Q. Lewis radio audience. Judy has been a professional singer since she was in her teen years.



Playtime and bedtime for youngest Lindsey. Young Steven was born last May, started teething early.



All the Lindseys love to eat. That goes for Steven, and also for four-foots and the squirrels in the attic.



Ballerina Bonnie looks like a story-book Alice in Wonderland, loves to have mother Judy help her dress up.







HERO at HOME

Richard Coogan's wife and son know his Love Of Life very well . . . and so do his fans from Hoboken to Hawaii

By MARY TEMPLE



Family music fest: Gay plays piano to accompany her two best beaus on the guitar. (Right) Dick Coogan with Bonnie Bartlett, his TV wife on *Love Of Life*. "He doesn't need to enjoy kissing Bonnie so much," teases Gay.

WHILE Richard Coogan was making the 20th Century-Fox movie, "The Revolt of Mamie Stover," a while back, he had to take a brief leave from being Paul Raven in the CBS-TV daytime drama, *Love Of Life*. There was small chance, however, of forgetting his television show for long. Barely had he set foot on the soil of Honolulu, for the movie location shots, when the man from Twentieth, who had come to meet him, hustled him to the local television studio, remarking casually, "You're on the air this noon." Dick stared at him. "What do you mean, I'm on the air?" The man chuckled. "You are being interviewed about your life on television, pal," he said. "Not about 'Mamie (*Continued on page* 73)





Always a favorite with TV viewers of all ages, Dick and Gay are frequently stopped on the street to give autographs. Here with fans and cocker, "Shadow."



"Shadow" gets a grooming, modern-style, as Dick does the job and Gay and Rick look on. Coogans are fond of pets, have parakeets, canary, and poodle, "Misty."



Young Rick Coogan takes to sports like Presley to rock 'n' roll. He skis well, swings a wicked bat, rides, and is developing into a talented golfer.



Self-taught artist Dick was offered $35 for his second painting, a landscape. Decided it should be kept in the family to represent "Early Coogan" style.

Love Of Life is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Boyle-Midway, Inc., and Chef BoyArDee.

EDWARDS' NIGHTMARE





Edwards and announcer Bob Warren carefully go over script (above). Surprised subject of *This Is Your Life,* Dore Schary thought Bob Taylor was to be the subject.

CERTAIN FRIENDS and admirers of Ralph Edwards have long felt that their hero's greatest accomplishment is the fact that he sleeps well. Others maintain that Edwards simply *pretends* to sleep well and is actually the victim of hideous nightmares. In these nightmares, Edwards is acting as master of ceremonies on *This Is Your Life,* as usual. But, instead of a willing subject, the central figure suddenly rebels and swings at Edwards. The dream figure doesn't *want* to have his life portrayed. To the cynics who charge Edwards

Ralph Edwards' *This Is Your Life* is seen on NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.

It hasn't happened—but what if a This Is Your Life subject took a swing at Ralph?



Casey Stengel, manager of world champion New York Yankees, met the glad tidings that this was his life with marked disgruntlement, finally warmed up to the project. Above: Ralph Edwards, Del Webb (co-owner of Yankees), Ol' Case and handsome wife Edna Stengel.



On *This Is Your Life* program, Edwards confronted Dore Schary with Margaret O'Brien, Anne Francis and Robert Ryan, all stars whose careers he helped.

By JOHN MAYNARD

with suffering tortures of apprehension in nightmares, he has a short answer: "Fiddlefaddle!"

Ralph Edwards, whose show currently seems to be set to run approximately forever, enjoys a fine state of mental and nervous health. This is based on one abiding faith—the essential stability of the American reflex. He's convinced nobody *will* swing at him. On second thought, make that two abiding faiths, the other being supreme confidence in his research staff and methods.

Edwards says, "If our (*Continued on page* 66)

EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Prell and Crest.



1. A happy day indeed for Helen Emerson, the day on which her son Mickey gave Roberta Wilcox the diamond which officially confirmed their engagement. Sister Kim isn't old enough for romance, but—like most teenagers—she's in love with love and thinks a wedding in the family is "the most." Governor Lawrence Walker joins in the family rejoicing, with regret that he and Helen cannot marry, too.

VALIANT LADY

To Helen Emerson, this holiday season ends a year marked by much happiness and marred by many threats to the smooth, serene way of life she has always believed in.

As a mother, she regards with joy the successful outcome of son Mickey's growing adoration of Roberta Wilcox. The two youngsters, friends for so long, seemed only a few weeks ago to be on the verge of splitting up. The bickering, the angry words, came about very unexpectedly—almost as though both Mickey and Roberta were unaware that their feelings for each other had passed from adolescent puppy love to a mature relationship. As with many lovers' quarrels, it all started with another woman.

Ginger Lambert was her name, and she lived up to it. A beautiful, animated girl, Ginger worked for Fay Gillen in Fay's beauty salon. Ginger had met Mickey casually some time before, but he had no idea that she considered him infinitely attractive. Mickey, on his side, had eyes only for Roberta—until the trouble started.

Tom Davis, Mickey's friend, decided to move into a room rented from the Harper sisters—right in Roberta's and Mickey's neighborhood. On the day when he was loading all his books and belongings for the trip to the Harpers', he ran into Roberta, who offered to use her car as a convenient moving van. Afterwards, it was the most natural thing in the world for Roberta and Tom to go to the local soda shop together. But Mickey found out, and, in a childish outburst of temper, stamped his way home.

As though an intuitive message had been flashed, it was this precise moment that Ginger Lambert chose to telephone Mickey and invite him to go with her to Fun Land—a near-by amusement park. And an evening of fun they had, harmless enough, but leaving Mickey with an uneasy feeling of guilt—well larded with the feeling that in Ginger's eyes he is quite a man!

From this small fire, a big fire grew. Roberta and Mickey tried to talk it out. And they could probably have settled the problem with a kiss, except for the larger frustration they both shared. Roberta's father had bidden her not to marry until she was older—and certainly not until he returned from the case he was working on in England.

As Helen Emerson puts it now, "I was certainly fearful for a while that the youngsters were going to break off. But I guess, if you wait long enough, everything works out for the best. Because Mr. Wilcox did come home, and he did consent to an engagement. And the wonderful thing about it is that Tom and Ginger are now good friends. The two boys and the two girls couldn't be closer—all four of them are behaving like human beings again. I certainly wish my own life were as simple and wonderful as theirs."

What Helen means, of course, is the continuing threat to herself and to Governor Lawrence Walker. And this situation is no simple complication of young

2. Only a short time ago Roberta and Mickey's romance seemed doomed. Each of them was prey to unjustified jealousy—Mickey of Tom Davis, his friend, and Roberta of Ginger Lambert. But now they are friends, shop for honeymoon luggage for Roberta.

See Next Page ⟶





3. The Governor drops in to see Kim Emerson, convalescing from the concussion she suffered when the Governor's car collided with a car driven by Jim Hunter. Accident was plot by enemies of Governor.



4. Marion Walker, the Governor's sister, is shocked and horrified to learn from Jackson Winters, political columnist, that he is preparing to wage a campaign through his paper to undermine Lawrence's personal reputation.

VALIANT LADY

(Continued)

love. For here is a high-level public figure, being made the butt of devilish plotting. The men working against the Governor are bent on one thing—to discredit him, if possible to run him out of office and to set themselves up with a "wide open" state government which they can manipulate to their own devious ends. But, even to a group of clever and unscrupulous men, the ruining of a good man's reputation presents problems.

Apparent ring leader in the anti-Walker group is Jackson Winters, local newsman and columnist. At every opportunity, his gossip column carries items about Helen Emerson—identifying her as "The Woman in Black." This persistent chivvying in the press has led Helen and Lawrence to the utmost caution when they see each other, a furtiveness about their growing affection that's abhorrent to both.

But for some time they do not realize that behind Winters is his boss, Sam Perkins, and that Perkins, in turn, is cooperating with a powerful undercover group of crooked operators. These are powerful men and, to do much of their hatchet work, they import into town Jim Hunter, once politically ambitious himself, and known to have little regard for honesty. In addition to these qualifications as a trouble-maker, Jim Hunter was once engaged to Marion Walker, Lawrence's sister.

Jim's return involves Marion Walker at once. She rebuffs Jim, angrily rejects his suggestion that she intercede with the Governor to get him a cushy state job. But his presence in town is emotionally upsetting to her—the man she gave up, who might have offered her only chance for marriage.

Jim Hunter, lacking Marion's support, is in a tough position. The crooked gang who are after Lawrence have been instrumental in getting him out of a tight financial spot in an ill-fated overseas oil venture he'd been involved in. He, himself, has no money. He is forced into cooperation with the

5. Plotting against the Governor goes on in a typical smoke-filled room. Left to right: Jim Hunter, tool of the politicos; Sam Perkins, powerful publisher; Jackson Winters, political columnist; Martin Cook, promoter.





6. The love of Helen Emerson and Governor Walker is to grow stronger and stronger, as they realize that they are the innocent victims of the unscrupulous men who are determined to break Walker and gain state control.

gang. And the methods they adopt are strictly illegal. Helen Emerson's telephone is tapped. Her every word is recorded. The gang even plots to bring about a motor accident which will involve Helen and Lawrence and discredit them. This fiendish idea goes awry—because Helen is deterred from making the motor trip—but tragically involves Helen's young daughter, Kim, who is being driven home from a camping trip by Lawrence. The resultant concussion of the brain has put Kim in the hospital and subjected Helen to a period of vast concern. And with each passing day the fearful pressure on Helen and Lawrence increases. Though they are drawn together by their shared problem, it seems to both of them that their lives are ever more threatened. Will their battle against the evil forces at work bring victory or defeat to Valiant Lady?

Pictured here, as seen on TV, are:

Helen Emerson	**Flora Campbell**
Governor Lawrence Walker	**John Graham**
Mickey Emerson	**James Kirkwood, Jr.**
Roberta Wilcox	**Betty Oakes**
Kim Emerson	**Bonnie Sawyer**
Tom Davis	**Yale Wexler**
Marion Walker	**Joan Tompkins**
Jackson Winters	**Barry Kroeger**
Sam Perkins	**Bert Freed**
Martin Cook	**Victor Thorley**
Jim Hunter	**Robert Carroll**
Ginger Lambert	**Freda Larsen**

Valiant Lady, on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, is sponsored by General Mills, The Toni Company, Wesson Oil, Tenderleaf Tea.

Garry Moore Sends 'Em to PORTUGAL



Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Riley found a magic carpet to Lisbon on the Garry Moore show

"**How** would you like to take a trip to Portugal—all expenses paid?" That's what Garry Moore said to Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Riley of Woonsocket, R. I., who were quietly watching his show one day. All their lives they'd dreamed of going abroad. But what about young Joanne, 7, and Kevin, 6? They managed to get adequate care for the children. And then they whisked across the Atlantic and had themselves a dream vacation.



First stop the Passport Office, then on to the Portuguese Consul.



The day the trip began. The Rileys leave home in Woonsocket, R. I.



Arriving via Pan-American Airways, Rileys were given official welcome.



The thrill of a dramatic bullfight. Here the "Cortezias" or entrance of bullfighters into the arena near Lisbon.



Mr. and Mrs. Riley talk with fish vendor at village of Nazare, a quaint seaside town 70 miles north of Lisbon.



Mrs. Riley in the Children's Garden at Coimbra. Garden contains small replicas of many famous Iberian churches.



Mr. Riley talks with hooded monk and children in the streets of Nazare. Picture was taken by Mrs. Riley.

The Garry Moore Show is seen on CBS-TV, Mon. thru Th., 10 to 10:30 A.M. EST, Fri., 10 to 11:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship.



But Patti Page has discovered that

in order to keep her figure, keep her youth,

keep up her career . . . she must

keep up her diet! Here's how she does it

Patti

LIKES CAKE

by MARY PARKER SHERWOOD

A GIRL can have beauty and bounce at *any* age, says Patti Page. But there's only one way to stop the clock and avoid dangerous curves—and that's by unswerving, unexceptional good nutrition.

When Miss Page stopped over in Hollywood recently to test for the much-vaunted and wanted role of Helen Morgan, someone who shall be nameless said, "Sweetheart, you look simply *svelte!* Doesn't anything ever tempt you to drop your diet?"

"Mmm, yes!" sighed Patti in her most mellifluous tones, "Chocolate cake . . . but I never touch it!" According to this glamorous singer, who is now a trim size 8, with a 23-inch waistline, it is a far, far better thing to *maintain* the sylphlike look by firmly-fixed good-food habits than to *re*-attain it repeatedly by means of violent starvation diets. The radical, off-again-on-again approach to the weight problem is an extravagance, she says, which an actress simply can't afford—and neither can any woman. It takes too great a toll in crow's-feet, cross words and unreasonable, unseasonable exhaustion.

"It took me more than a year to lose twenty pounds," Patti Page explains, "but while I was gradually losing weight, I was gradually *gaining* some sensible eating habits which are now just about automatic . . . I hope! Actually, I never even think about my diet any more—at least not consciously—but I go right on following the food patterns my doctor established for me, because I've honestly learned to prefer his 'wholesome' things, and I never felt more energetic in my life."

Patti's low-calorie, high-energy diet emphasizes plenty of protein in the form of lean meat, cheese, eggs and skim milk—plus reasonable amounts of fruit and vegetables. For breakfast she has a cup of coffee with milk and saccharine, a glass of citrus-fruit juice and a single slice of protein toast—sometimes with a poached egg.

Lunch is usually a huge chef's salad with strips of lean meat, cheese, hard-cooked eggs and a well-seasoned dressing made with a tablespoon of wine vinegar and a tablespoon of—yes—salad oil! Patti has found that a little fat in the diet makes it far easier to sustain, keeps her complexion looking smooth and supple . . . and doesn't cost too much in calories.

At dinner or suppertime, Patti again has a thoroughly satisfying meal of lean meat (steak, chops, broiled liver or chicken or fish), a large serving of some vegetable such as spinach or broccoli, and skim milk or tea. No bread and butter; no dessert except for plain, unsugared fruit. And if visions of chocolate cake dance before her eyes, she simply turns her head and takes another sip of tea!

For sudden between-meals twinges, Patti has devised a number of effectual solutions. If a cup of clear tea or bouillon doesn't seem to suffice, she nibbles on a handful of cold, crisp carrot-sticks or some other raw vegetable. Celery stalks stuffed with cottage cheese and chives, she says, "cost practically nothing in calories, and are perfectly delicious!"

Delicious, too, is the way la Page is looking nowadays. . . . with her smooth, clear skin, her bouncy stride and her slim, trim figure! So why not take a page from Patti's book, and learn—but *slowly,* so you don't forget—to walk the straight and narrow path of good nutrition which will give you, for always, a straight and narrow silhouette!

Speaking of Sheldon

It's more fun by the half-dozen,
be it Herb Sheldon and family or the total
of his shows on WABD and WRCA-TV



Full speed ahead for Herb, a casual and witty navigator on six TV shows—and captain of the *Festival* crew of Lynda, Rosa, Randy, Amy-Jane, Guy.





When you're as busy as Herb, lunch is often ad-libbed—as his humor always is. Here he dines *al fresco* with a friend.

BROOKLYN is the butt of humor and the birthplace of humorists. Witness Buddy Hackett, Danny Kaye, Phil Silvers . . . and be sure to witness Herb Sheldon, a casual wit who is not at sixes and sevens but simply at sixes—career-wise and family-wise. You can see Herb just about any time you want to—on any of a half-dozen shows on two New York channels. He is the minority human member of *Speaking Of Animals,* a daily quarter-hour at 7:15 P.M. on WABD, whereon animals speak and act like such humans as parents, athletes, vaudevillians and even television audiences. On *Ricky Ticky Playhouse,* seen 10 P.M. on WABD, Herb brings the past into the present tense with the help of Robert Benchley shorts, vintage film clips, "live" barbershop quartets, and a player piano on which he plays rock 'n' roll tunes as they were originally written and played thirty years ago. Song mimicry, cartoons, puppets and clowning are Herb's stock-in-trade on *Wonderama,* seen Sunday at 10 A.M. on WABD. And teenagers flock to the WABD studio each weekday afternoon at 5 for dancing and other musical merriment on *Herb Sheldon's Studio Party.* On WRCA-TV, Herb plays host on *First Theater,* weekdays from 8:55 to 10 A.M., and entertains the young 'uns on *Saturday With Sheldon* at 8 A.M. . . . His adult shows are ad-libbed, his children's shows offer sincerity instead of "the itchy-kitchy, boysie-girlsie approach." It works with other people's children and also with Herb's own youngsters: Lynda Penny, 16½; Amy-Jane, 11½; Randy, 10; and Guy Ricky, 3. And it's a help to Rosa, or "Toots," as Herb calls her, to have a husband on TV. "She doesn't have to say, 'Wait till your father gets home,'" Herb grins. "She just points to the TV set and says, 'Now listen to what your father is saying.'" Still, the Sheldons take precedence over the shows, and Herb didn't sign on the dotted line until he'd been guaranteed that Sunday dinner, at least, would see all the family 'round the groaning board. . . . Herb, who was side-tracked temporarily in his father's wholesale yarn business, always knew that it was show business for him, for better or worse. Not that Herb has ever "gone show business." The Sheldons live in Roslyn Estates on Long Island and recently went auto shopping. Herb was offered a Rolls Royce "cheap." Reluctantly, he turned it down. The reason: "What would the neighbors say?"

HE GETS THE VOTE!

The gag rules as Rege Cordic of KDKA spoofs the morning



Rege coaxes top sound out of talented quartet. L. to R., Bob Trow, Jaye P. Morgan, Karl Hardman, Sterling Yates.



No—that's not Boris, Casey or any other Cordic creation. It's Vaughn Monroe being interviewed.



Campaigners Baldwin McMoney (Sterling Yates), Carman Monoxide (Bob Trow), Rege, and Col. Cornpone (Karl Hardman).

WHEN the campaign special pulled into the station, enthusiastic throngs were on hand to cheer "presidential candidate" Carman Monoxide. "Carman Is Our Man," triumphantly proclaimed the posters, as the "candidate" himself vigorously outlined his promises and pledges. This scene was repeated in seven cities during a whirlwind one-day tour last September. It was the brainstorm of an irrepressible zany named Rege Cordic, who conducts a delightfully daffy morning show, from 6:00 to 9:30, Monday through Saturday, over Pittsburgh's Station KDKA. Now that the election furor is yesterday's news, and Carman is nowhere to be seen, Rege, his campaign manger, is not discouraged. Carman's primary(!) purpose was to get out the vote, and also provide a little more of the good-natured nonsense that has boosted Rege's stock sky-high with listeners in the KDKA area. . . . His childhood strategies early revealed an agile mind at work. When angling for a favor, Rege would cryptically remark, "You won't be in it, if you don't," to his puzzled sister, Martha. "In what?" she would ask. "Never mind in what," he'd reply. "Just wait and see. But you won't be in it, if you don't do it." Martha invariably fell for this tactic. Other youthful activities included operating as a radio "ham" in the family attic, managing a carnival in the garden, editing a grade-school newspaper, and writing deathless prose for novelty cards. (Sample: "Kisses spread disease, it's stated/Kiss me, kid, I'm vaccinated.") . . . At the age of seventeen, while still in high school, Rege attended a broadcast



Old pal Bill Cullen told Rege, "Be natural. If you have personality, let it come out." And it has!

at KDKA. The only male among the audience of femmes, he was chosen to be interviewed. "And what do you want to be?" queried the emcee. "An announcer," was the unhesitating reply. A few jovial remarks about "having a nice voice" and "coming in for an audition" followed—which Rege took quite seriously. He kept after the emcee until he was given a spot as junior announcer on a Saturday kiddie show. When an opening on the station staff occurred, Rege got the job. He took on his present ayem chores in 1948. . . . Rege's whole approach is in trying to make people laugh in spite of themselves. To achieve this aim, Rege has the help of a remarkable menagerie of characters, created by an intricate system of tape and record cuttings, plus every technical device and gimmick available in a radio studio. For instance, there is Boris, "the old monster," who comes up from the subterranean passages beneath old Fort Pitt, and has a voice to match. Rege produces it by sticking his head into the body of an old piano. Phony commercials (sample: Frothingslosh Stale Pale Ale, the beer with the foam at the bottom) are so freely interspersed with genuine ad spiels that listeners pay keen attention to all of them, since no one wants to miss a good joke. . . . Rege has made no definite announcement on Carman Monoxide's 1960 campaign plans—if any. But, in a way, Rege is luckier than Carman—or any presidential candidate, for that matter. Where the will of the people is recorded only every so often, in politics, Rege gets the vote of KDKA listeners any morning in the year.



Rege at ivory-tickling session with Billy Eckstine. Music plays big part in the show—between fun and gags.



Wife Diane and Rege during playtime with Jennifer, age two. The stork will arrive again—sometime in March.

Gifts of the Heart

(*Continued from page 27*)

fact that he had all of two dollars. Well, what could he order but hamburger? Gallantly, he ordered roast beef for Carol. In those days roast beef was a lot cheaper than now, so his money stretched to pay for both dinners.

Then back they went to their tiny apartment, where Carol had managed to set up a small Christmas tree. The presents underneath the tree weren't many.

But from his pocket, Jack dug out the gift he had bought for Carol on the installment plan—a dollar down, a dollar a month for two years.

Carol's eyes were bright, as she looked at the gold-plated bracelet, as though there were some tears she would have liked to shed, but wouldn't. "Where did you get this?" she asked. Her voice shook.

"She was touched," Jack admits today. "But she tried not to let on. She knew that I am real sentimental about Christmas, and that I would get very blue if she said, 'You shouldn't have done it.'"

Carol's gift to Jack that first Christmas was also one she had had difficulty saving up enough money for: An expensive, handsome-looking gold-plated fountain pen.

Like the couple in O. Henry's famous short story, "Gift of the Magi," each gave the other a gift of himself or herself, gifts of the heart that might tarnish in reality but never in memory.

"I was mad at myself that year," says Jack, "for being in that financial condition. But instead of crying, we laughed about the situation. We were sure that the following year, things would be better. After all, they couldn't be very much worse. And sure enough, by the following year, things were a great deal better, and have continued to be, year by year."

For the past eleven years, Jack Bailey, through NBC-TV's *Queen For A Day*, has been helping women all over the country celebrate Christmas five days of the week, every year. From all over the United States, women throng to the Moulin Rouge in Hollywood for the happy privilege of lunching while they watch the "queen for the day" being selected. The program has been called one of the greatest Santa Claus programs on the air, and Jack is known as a perennial Santa Claus. As emcee for *Queen for a Day*, he has, over the years, distributed about fourteen million in gifts. For the lucky "queens," Christmas comes not once a year, but on whatever day they are chosen.

Playing Santa Claus to gallant women and, once a year on Christmas Day, to children, fulfills for Jack Bailey a long-cherished dream that goes back to his childhood. For dark-haired, spry, laughing Jack has always cherished the idea of bringing the spirit of Christmas into the hearts and lives of other people.

His first Christmas memory is of the time he was six years old, and was in the church basement rehearsing for the church Christmas cantata. While preparing for the cantata, he saw Santa Claus putting on his mask—and Santa was the station depot agent in Hampton, Iowa. Jack's heart sank. At the time there was no one around to ease the shock of disillusionment, and to explain that the depot agent was simply one of Santa Claus's assistants.

About six years later, Jack was asked if he'd play Santa Claus for the children at the church. Though only twelve he was five-feet-six, tall enough to get away with a Santa Claus act, though not nearly roly-poly enough. But the town's usual Santa Claus had died that year, and the officials of the Methodist Church thought that young John Bailey—as Jack was known at the time—would make an ideal Santa. "My mother was a good worker for the church. That might have had something to do with their choosing me," says Jack.

Remembering how disillusioned he himself had been when the depot agent had put on his Santa Claus mask in the church, Jack decided that he would get into his own Santa costume at home. "I was worried about the little kids," he admits now. "I don't want them to be disillusioned. The only thing I could do to get by as Santa was to get stuffed up with pillows, start yelling, and ringing sleigh bells. I wore the bells around my neck!

"Every year after that, I was always selected for Santa Claus. But after the first year, I never played him completely straight." After all, a happy, jovial guy like St. Nick might be excused for putting on a little comedy act.

As Santa Claus, Jack would say, "Have you all been good boys and girls?"

"Yes," they'd shout.

"Do you like your mama and papa?"

"Yes," they'd shout.

"Do you like your teacher?"

"Yes."

"Would you like to hang her?"

The reply had become habitual. "Yes," they'd say. Then confusion would reign for a moment, and they'd shout, "No!"

"My main job," said Jack, "was to give out candy after the cantata. The big blow-off was Santa Claus coming down the middle aisle with the bags of candy."

Said Jack, his face puckering up in a grin, "Of course where there is Santa, there is supposed to be snow. However, one year it rained, and it worried me. If Santa couldn't come up in his sleigh, I was afraid it would be difficult to get away with a Santa Claus act.

"Finally I figured out a solution. I took an umbrella, put on some roller skates, and skated down the middle aisle of the church.

"'Kids,' I said, beaming, 'I didn't want to let you down, so, because there was no snow this Christmas, I skated all the way from the North Pole.'

"The parents and the older children were amused. My mother beamed approvingly from her seat in the back row of the church. But the little kids took it all in, and I rejoiced because I hadn't spoiled their Christmas for them, after all.

"I remember one Christmas when I'd set my heart on a bicycle. Other boys had big, gleaming red bicycles, but I'd never had one."

Actually, Jack's father had been bedridden for a couple of years, just those years in a boy's life when he's most likely to want a bike. So naturally, money wasn't as plentiful as it had been when he'd been working as a harness maker.

Such realities are a little hard for a youngster to face. Still, Jack did try hard to earn the money to buy his own bike that year. "I worked in the shoe-shining concession in the barber shop, washed out the bathtubs where the patrons bought their Saturday night baths (I got ten cents a wash), and I swept up hair combings after the barber got through with his work. Still, I didn't earn enough money for one bicycle tire, let alone a complete bicycle."

Jack half suspected his mother might buy him the bike he wanted so much, for she knew how hard he'd tried to earn the money to pay for one. On Christmas morning, he searched all through the front room where the gifts were ordinarily kept. No sign of a bike! There were other gifts, nicely wrapped, but no package large enough to conceal the most desired gift.

Then his mother smiled gently and asked, "Why don't you look in the barn?"

And there was the cherished bike.

Early in childhood, Jack discovered that there was joy in giving, as well as in receiving. One year he saved his money carefully, to buy his mother a string of pearls for Christmas.

Though he laughs about the joy he used to get out of visiting a lot of families in Hampton, Iowa, and collecting "loot" at each home, he never got more joy out of any of the loot than he did out of his mother's reaction to the pearls.

"She kept them and wore them on every possible occasion," he says. When he won a first-place medal for trombone playing, he gave her the cherished medal, and she put it on her string of pearls.

Whatever Jack gave her was meaningful to her. One year he bought her a blue pocketbook with an amber-colored handle, and after that she carried it everywhere she went, refusing to part with it until it was completely worn out.

When he was in his early teens, Jack left home to join a stock company. While he was away, Mrs. Bailey used to invite the children of all their friends to play with Jack's toys, which had been carefully wrapped up and placed in a toy chest. She was always careful to remind the children whose toys they had been. For years after Jack had moved from Iowa, the toys remained to remind the children of the town of the boy who had played the role of Santa Claus for several years.

From the time I started work, I can't remember a Christmas when I wasn't working," confessed Jack. "Perhaps the oddest Christmas of all came one year in Detroit, when we had to do five *Queen For A Day* shows at the RKO theater in that town.

"Carol and I had been married then for a number of years. She traveled with me to Detroit. But most of the others in the cast were separated from their wives and families, and quite gloomy about it.

"That day before we left for the theater to put on our first show, someone called to say, 'You'd better get your hotel maid, some secretaries, and any other women you can round up. Right now your audience consists of one man!'

"When Carol and I and the few people we had succeeded in rounding up got to the theater, there were six women in the audience." After all, it was Christmas; the show wasn't as well-known then as now, and most of the people who were familiar with it in Detroit preferred to wait till they could hear it again for free on radio.

"The act preceding ours was a single. The fellow who appeared just before us was very unhappy—probably sorry he'd accepted the engagement. He called the people in the audience all kinds of fools for attending the theater on Christmas day, instead of staying home."

Jack's heart was sinking. The members of the audience looked pretty dismal. We've got to put on some kind of show, Jack thought. How dreadful it must be for the women who have come here, perhaps because they were lonely, and who are now being insulted for having come.

It was tough rounding up candidates for Queen among the few women present. "There are just a few of us," Jack said, "nuts enough to be away from home. We're kind of simple." To make up for the insults handed out by the previous

act, Jack really loaded the *Queen* selected at that show with gifts!

"Though I've had to give two shows every Christmas, there's something about Christmas that just breaks me up," Jack says now. "Usually on the Christmas shows, I can hardly talk."

Christmas is Jack's opportunity to be a substitute father and a substitute Santa Claus to lonely children. It is almost as though, at Christmas time, Jack mentally adopts the children who appear on *Queen For A Day*. On Christmas Day, a Queen isn't chosen, but a Princess.

A number of years ago, the *Queen For A Day* program started the Princess for a Day idea. One of the first Princesses came accompanied by her father.

"Where's your mother?" asked Jack.

"In the hospital."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Is she ill?"

"No," said the child, "she isn't sick. She's in the hospital waiting to bring home a little boy or girl. We'd like to have a place for him or her to sleep."

Jack was so moved he immediately said, "Why, we won't just find her a place to sleep. We'll build you a whole new room."

"It took about three months to build the room, and cost about three thousand," laughed Jack. "I'd ad libbed three thousand of the program's money away in a couple of seconds."

One day recently, however, it was tough for Jack to be as gay and light-hearted as he usually is. For the woman who stood before him had known real tragedy. Her little girl had lost her father in a fire which ravaged their home. Not knowing that his wife had already rescued their daughter, the father had rushed into the burning house to save her, and lost his own life.

Before the tragedy, the father had promised the child a bicycle for Christmas. When the little girl asked for the promised bicycle, her mother told her, "Daddy's gone to heaven."

"Now Daddy's up there, will you ask him if he'll ask the angels and God for a bicycle for me?"

As the woman told her story, Jack choked and a lump came into his throat. She was chosen Queen for a day. At a signal from Jack, the *Queen For A Day* people scurried around to get not one bicycle, but five, so that one could be presented to each of the five children who were growing up half-orphaned in that tragedy-ridden home. For those five children, a bright summer day was Christmas, for it was the day on which their father's promise was fulfilled.

"Still there's something special about Christmas." said Jack softly. "There's no other day quite like it. Each year I look forward to it.

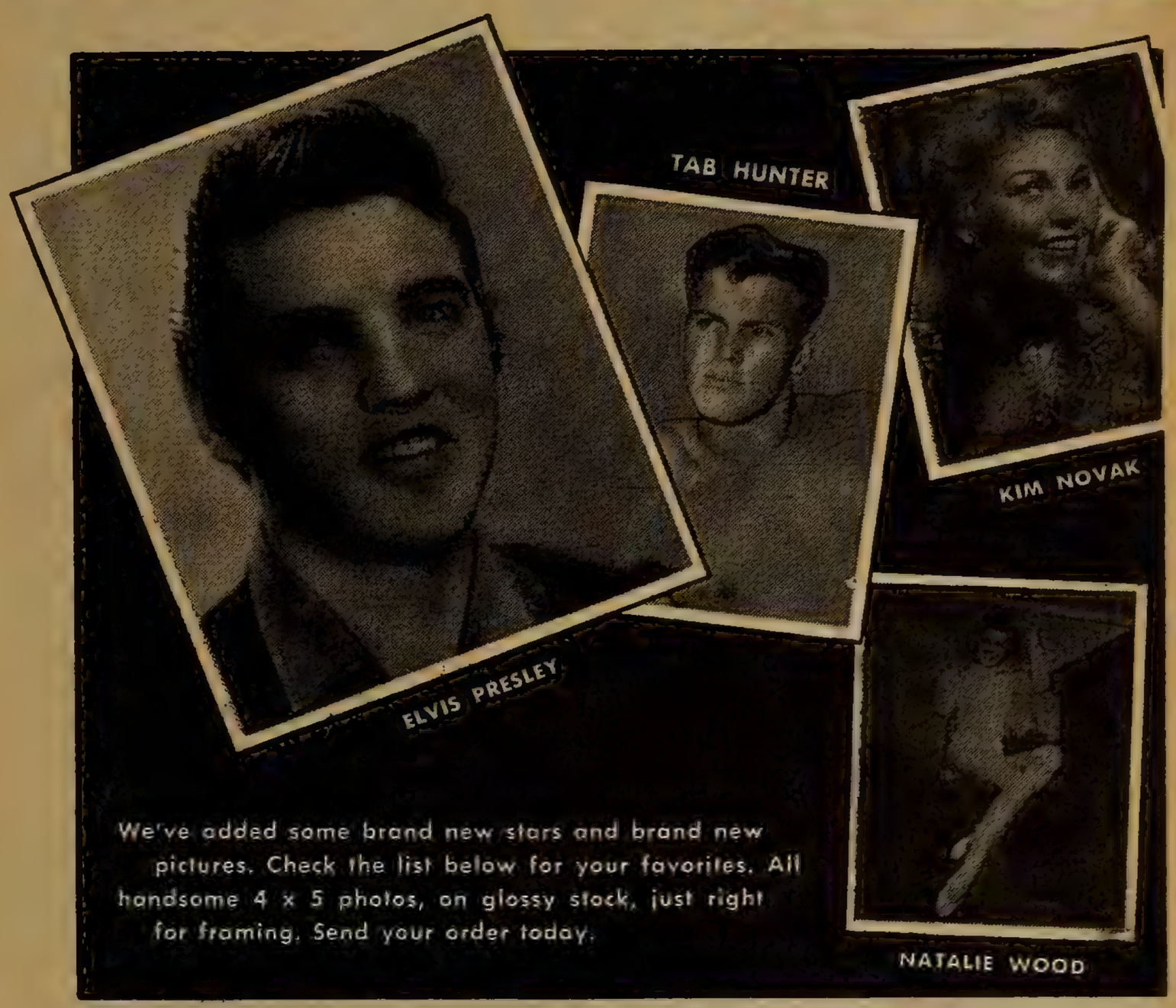
"And somehow each year, in spite of that disillusioning experience I had as a child of six, I feel that after all, there is a Santa Claus."

Jack believes, as did the editorial writer who once wrote to an eight-year-old girl in the columns of the *New York Sun*, that Santa will always exist, as long as the spirit of love and generosity and devotion are alive. To the eight-year-old Virginia of New York, whose friends said there was no Santa Claus, the editorial writer replied:

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy . . .

"No Santa Claus! Thank God! He lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

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We've added some brand new stars and brand new pictures. Check the list below for your favorites. All handsome 4 x 5 photos, on glossy stock, just right for framing. Send your order today.

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34. Roy Rogers
35. Sunset Carson
50. Diana Lynn
51. Doris Day
52. Montgomery Clift
53. Richard Widmark
56. Perry Como
57. Bill Holden
66. Gordon MacRae
67. Ann Blyth
68. Jeanne Crain
69. Jane Russell
74. John Wayne
75. Yvonne de Carlo
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84. Janet Leigh
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92. Guy Madison
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107. Richard Todd
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117. Terry Moore
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127. Piper Laurie
128. Debbie Reynolds
135. Jeff Chandler
136. Rock Hudson
137. Stewart Granger
139. Debra Paget
140. Dale Robertson
141. Marilyn Monroe
142. Leslie Caron
143. Pier Angeli
144. Mitzi Gaynor
145. Marlon Brando
146. Aldo Ray
147. Tab Hunter
148. Robert Wagner
149. Russ Tamblyn
150. Jeff Hunter
152. Marge and Gower Champion
153. Fernando Lamas
161. Lori Nelson
174. Rita Gam
175. Charlton Heston
176. Steve Cochran
177. Richard Burton
179. Julius La Rosa
180. Lucille Ball
182. Jack Webb
185. Richard Egan
187. Jeff Richards
190. Pat Crowley
191. Robert Taylor
192. Jean Simmons
194. Audrey Hepburn
198. Gale Storm
202. George Nader
205. Ann Sothern
207. Eddie Fisher
209. Liberace
211. Bob Francis
212. Grace Kelly
213. James Dean
214. Sheree North
215. Kim Novak
216. Richard Davalos
217. Julie Adams
218. Eva Marie Saint
219. Natalie Wood
220. Dewey Martin
221. Joan Collins
222. Jayne Mansfield
223. Sal Mineo
224. Shirley Jones
225. Elvis Presley
226. Victoria Shaw
227. Tony Perkins
228. Clint Walker
229. Pat Boone
230. Paul Newman
231. Don Murray
232. Don Cherry
233. Pat Wayne
234. Carroll Baker
235. Anita Ekberg
236. Corey Allen
237. Dana Wynter
238. Diana Dors
239. Judy Busch
240. Patti Page
241. Lawrence Welk
242. Alice Lon
243. Larry Dean
244. Buddy Merrill
245. Hugh O'Brian
246. Jim Arness
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Elvis on the Upbeat

(*Continued from page* 37)

of the girls had remarked at the time, "but it's the idea—does he think the standard form signed by Dick Egan, Bob Wagner and Terry Moore isn't good enough for him?"

Came time for the signing. Elvis arrived five minutes early. The girls—who had been betting he'd show up late to make an entrance—began to wonder whether they'd been a little hasty. Moreover, they hadn't expected his quiet and disarming: "I'm Elvis Presley and this is Colonel Parker." But it was when Elvis and the Colonel emerged from Ferguson's office that the girls were won over completely. Nobody had ever thanked them so nicely before. Elvis took each by the hand and thanked her individually for her share in typing up the contract. It was further brought out that the Colonel always requests this form because he feels it makes the reading of a contract easier—Elvis himself had nothing to do with it.

So charmed was the staff that they cut their lunch periods in half for days, in order to go down to the set and watch the young entertainer doing his stint as a serious actor. And Elvis—who's not the type to forget a kindness, even when done in line of duty—greeted them warmly.

On television, Elvis had already won the respect of such stars as Milton Berle, Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen, as well as a host of other performers and studio workers. The same is now true at Twentieth. From extras to top executives, they love him—and don't mind telling the world about it. The opinions of his co-stars Debra Paget and Richard Egan, are especially interesting. It had been rumored that they were walking around "with their noses out of joint" because of the attentions heaped on Elvis.

Their own words give these rumors the lie. "I don't see why they pick on him," said Debra, who had appeared with Elvis on the Berle TV Show and is now his "romance" in the film. "All this noise about 'Elvis the Pelvis' and how he arouses wicked emotions among teenagers is just plain silly. Of course he's dynamic. Of course he excites people. What good showman doesn't? I feel the public has been given a false idea of Elvis. Everyone is shocked when they meet him. Instead of a clown in a zoot suit, babbling a lot of jive, they find him very sympathetic, with a fine head on his shoulders. He's also terribly shy," she added. "He'll stick to the background unless someone pushes him forward."

As Debra spoke, prop men were setting the stage for one of Elvis's big scenes, and she was joined by her mother, Mrs. Margaret Griffin, and Dick Egan.

"Debra's exactly right," Dick agreed. "From the publicity, I myself expected a brash and cocky kid. But, when I met him, I realized he had a real bad case of camera fright. And I'll say this for him: He was so humble and eager to learn that we went all out to help him, and his progress has been amazing." Egan, holder of a B.A. in speech, and an M.A. in theater history and dramatic literature, resents the fun being poked at Elvis. "They've been picturing him as an ignorant bumpkin," he protested. "Actually, the boy has an excellent command of English and a good frame of reference. Elvis happens to have graduated from a Memphis high school and, while he uses the Southern drawl and an occasional local idiom, he talks intelligently."

"During rehearsals for the Milton Berle show," Debra recalled, "when Elvis was supposed to kiss me, he hung back so—well, I finally had to grab him and do the kissing myself!"

"The lad's a natural," Dick continued. "Just being himself, he can charm the birds out of a tree. I hope nobody starts drumming 'the Stanislavsky method' into him. He doesn't need it. All he needs is a few basic tricks—for instance, not to keep turning away from the lens. If they don't try changing him, his talent will see him through."

At this point, Debra's mother, Mrs. Griffin, said thoughtfully, "I have five children, and there's a flock of youngsters in and out of show business who come to me at times for a word of advice or cheer. I think I know young people. Elvis is a very sweet boy. On location, he twice moved my chair into the shade. Between scenes, he got me cold drinks. All without being asked. I could tell by the way he acted toward me that he misses his own mother. When he talks about her and his daddy, he seems to light up. He calls them long-distance every day. I complimented him on how well he treated his folks. His eyes got round and he said, 'Ma'am, they've loved me all my life. What can I ever do to pay them back for that?'"

Meanwhile, all was not sweetness and light on the back lot, where they were shooting the big picnic scene. Director Robert Webb, ordinarily the most patient and gracious of men, was frantically blowing his whistle and muttering dark threats about closing the set. In addition to sixty extras in post-Civil War costumes—and nearly twenty-five studio employees who had sneaked off their jobs to catch a glimpse of their golden boy—the place was seething with tourists who herded after Elvis, demanding autographs, begging to be photographed with him or aiming cameras they had smuggled on the set and shouting from all sides: "Look this way, Elvis. Smile, Elvis, smile!"

"When I blow this whistle," Webb shouted. "it means *quiet!* And, if I don't get it, you'll have to leave—is that clear?"

It seemed clear enough. But, two minutes later, Elvis opened his mouth to sing "Poor Boy," one of the film's two songs—and a chorus of oh's and ah's emanated from some two hundred admiring visitors. Another sound track was spoiled. Webb threw up his hands, stamped on his whistle, and ordered the set cleared.

That helped some, but not too much. Between shots, a small army of grips, carpenters, secretaries, seamstresses and extras decended on Elvis, milling about and besieging him with demands for autographs and pictures. And amid this unprecedented furor, the young singer—who only a year ago had been driving an electrical supply truck—maintained a calm, good-humored and grateful smile for all.

Webb couldn't help grinning. "I ought to be frothing at the mouth," he said, "with all the time and trouble this is costing me. But I can't help getting a lift out of it." He stood watching it a moment, obviously taking pleasure in the sincere and impromptu demonstration—the affection of the fans for Elvis and, in turn, his courtesy and appreciation to them. "Look at that," Webb said. "He acts as if every single person, no matter what their station in life, is of the utmost importance to him."

In the motion picture itself, Elvis gets a chance to appear, not only with a guitar, but with a horse. "That's what I've always wanted," Elvis admitted, "a horse. Horseback riding is a real joy to me. When I'm riding, I feel just like when I'm singing a good solid tune. I'd sure like to own a horse, but where would I keep it?"

It was suggested that the new home he has built for his parents in Memphis might find room in the garage. Elvis shook his head reluctantly: "No, ma'am, there's no room there. And, if there was, who'd ride him while I'm away? Who'd take care of him?"

Could his parents do it? "They're too busy taking care of my fan mail," Elvis admitted," and that's no little job, believe me, ma'am." He pointed out that the barrage of mail coming in each day requires a staff of nine secretaries, in addition to his parents. "And they got to have two secretaries of their own now," he added, "because they've been getting about four hundred personal letters a day since the sky fell in on us."

A horse is only one on a long list of things Elvis yearns for but must pass over until he's so well established that—in his own words—"I can take time out from running to catch my breath." At the moment, Elvis is breaking all records in his dash for fame and fortune. But ninety-five percent of his time is spent away from home, doing TV performances and personal appearances, cutting records, and making a movie—to say nothing of making his fans happy, meanwhile, with autographs, interviews and intimate photos.

Thinking of this mad, headlong race for stardom, Elvis's astute manager said: "I remember an old movie in which a fellow is being chased by a mob. He runs and runs. But, all at once, he sees a baby bird that fell out of its nest. He stops, picks up the bird and puts it back in its nest. Then he's off again, running, running, running. And that's Elvis for you. Sure, he's running hard and he's running fast. He's got to. This is his big time. He has to make the most of every minute. But it hasn't kept him from stopping to do a little kindness now and then.

"If it's his folks and their new home," Col. Parker explained, "he helps with the plans and writes them about planting hedges along the driveway. If it's a benefit, he's happy to play it. If it's me, there's a box of cigars or some other show of thoughtfulness. If it's his cousin, Gene Smith—well, you get the idea. I don't want to labor this, except to say this boy has been going like a windmill for a year now—and he still hasn't lost the knack of being simple, decent and considerate."

Loyalty, they say, should be a two-way street. That it is so, between Elvis and his manager, was made abundantly clear when the Colonel was asked about his handling of the singer's finances. Before Col. Parker could answer, Elvis pointed out firmly: "First of all, my daddy handles my finances. Second, I'm getting mighty tired hearing people go around saying the Colonel has got 'a good thing' in me. Why shouldn't he? He's got 'a good thing' in me, and I got 'a good thing' in him. That's the way it ought to be. He takes his share and I take mine. He doesn't touch any of my money, and that's a fact." According to the singer himself, the Colonel deserves every cent he has earned from the Presley boom—because "he drives a pretty hard bargain for me and always comes up with red hot ideas to promote me." Most of Elvis's income so far, the singer says, has gone directly to his folks and is banked. The Presleys are extremely cautious about investments. "We don't know enough about those things," Elvis explained. "We buy Government bonds, though, 'cause we figure there's nothing safer and sounder than the U.S.A."

Asked how he felt about the colossal bite the Government would take out of his income this year, he said without hesitation, "I don't grudge the Government its taxes. They wouldn't take it if they didn't need it to keep the country free. This country gave me everything—I'm ready to pay my debt."

Going on from here, he declared himself ready to pay another debt, too. "I'll probably be drafted," he said quietly. "Well, why shouldn't I be? I'm a normal, healthy and able American."

How about the financial loss? The way he's been skyrocketing, even one year of service might cost him a million dollars. "You know something?" he said, obviously awed by what he was about to disclose. "I've made more money in this one year than most folks make in a lifetime. Just think . . . going on seven million records, at five cents a record for me." (Actually, according to RCA Victor reports, there will be twelve or thirteen million Presley records sold before the end of 1956.)

"And that's not counting the rest," he added. "I can't even imagine it. I mean, I can't imagine me and that money together. One or the other, sure. Both together, no. If it's a dream, please God don't let me fall out of bed with a bang!" The last was said without humor, in a tone so impassioned that no one within range could doubt that here was a young man of serious—and, more than that, of religious bent of mind.

Heart!" Frank Powolny, head of Twentieth's portrait gallery, has declared earnestly. "He's got a lion's heart. The first time that boy came in for a sitting, he popped off asleep in his chair. It was right after Labor Day and I got pretty annoyed. I figured that, instead of resting over the holiday weekend, he'd probably been having himself a high old time. I took a few color shots and sent him home. A few hours later, Colonel Parker phoned to apologize. He explained that Elvis had spent the entire weekend cutting records. He'd cut thirteen sides at RCA. Can you beat that kid coming down to keep an appointment with me after that?"

Elvis's second trip to the gallery was more productive. "He sat for over eighty shots," Powolny reported, admiration in his voice. "Anything needed, he was more than eager to do. Posing's not easy for experienced stars, but this boy was obliging in every sense. He picked up the tricks faster than I've ever seen it done before. He's a trouper and, if I'm any judge, he'll stay up there as long as Sinatra and Crosby have done."

Although the young star usually goes along with any stunt, gag or gimmick that might be helpful to the show, Elvis can also set his chin and go stubborn when he feels "something fakey" in the air. This happened on two occasions during the making of "Love Me Tender." The first came when he refused flatly to simulate singing while posing for publicity pictures. "It just ain't in me," he said. "If you all want this shot, you'll have to let me play the guitar and sing for real. Maybe the picture would come out better without—but I just wouldn't look natural."

The second request Elvis turned down was rather surprising. He refused to pose with a death mask of Jimmy Dean. "I admired him too much," he said simply.

"But if you admired him, why won't you pose with the mask?" they asked him.

"Let me put it this way," Elvis replied, his forehead crinkling and his eyes narrowing in concentration. "I thought he was about the best young actor we had, and his dying so young was an awful blow. That's why nobody should do anything to cheapen his memory. After all, I don't need to cash in on that poor guy. And how can I help him by posing with his mask? No, I won't do it unless someone can show me a good cause."

All this would seem to contradict the common image of Elvis as the kid who put the bump-and-grind into rock-and-roll, and who sends bobbysoxers not only out of this world but out of their minds.

As he was making his meteoric rise, a dark cloud of disapproval gathered on the horizon. This has recently burst into a storm of abuse. "Burlesque at its worse," one commentator has said about Elvis's hip-swinging. A national magazine snaps tartly at his "gyrating howling," and refers to his teen-age audience as "screechers and screamers who break down into hysterics." Clergymen have preached sermons against his "evil influence" on the young, one even denouncing his performances as "a new low in spiritual degeneracy."

Their elders have had their say. The teenagers are still to be heard from. When Elvis was first scheduled to appear on the Twentieth lot, the studio was bombarded with phone calls and letters from youngsters—all wanting to see their idol work and, if possible, to meet him. In the interest of public relations, it was finally decided that Barbara Katsaros, president of a Los Angeles Presley fan club and Almira Jiminez, vice-president, would be let in to see Elvis so that they might bring back their impressions to their club.

Both girls are fifteen and typical of the generation Elvis is supposed to be corrupting. But this is what they have to say:

"I was reading about this psychologist," Barbara said. "He claims that girls my age have a need for two kinds of emotion—the desire to mother and the desire to love. Well, I have to admit, Elvis doesn't bring out the desire to mother in us girls. Jimmy Dean did, sort of. But not Elvis—no, ma'am!"

To this Almira added the complaint of all teenagers against their elders since time began: "They don't understand how we feel," she wailed. "They just don't understand how we feel."

"If they did," Barbara put in, "they'd realize how good he is for us. At our age, a lot of things pile up. Maybe they're small things, but we make big ones out of them. We dramatize. It's like a balloon was inside of us, and every problem that comes up blows that balloon up bigger and bigger. After a while, we feel either that balloon has got to bust or we will. Then we put on one of Elvis's records. We make a big fuss. We yell, we cry. And you know? That balloon does bust, and we feel so much better."

"That's the real honest truth," said Almira. "If there's any hysterics, it's in us before we listen to Elvis. He only helps us let off steam."

A parental viewpoint was presented by Mrs. Helen Katsaros, Barbara's mother, who was chaperoning the girls. "I'm a wife, a mother—and, I think, a decent member of my community. I was a fan of Frank Sinatra's, as a girl, and I can't see where I was hurt by it. Now look at those costumes—" Mrs. Katsaros pointed to the girls. They made a fetching picture in Elvis's favorite colors, black and pink. Black Capri pants with "Elvis Presley" lettered on the legs. Pink blouses with black guitars on the backs framed in rhinestones around the initials, "E.P."

"To some people," said Barbara's mother, "these costumes will look crazy or faddy. Maybe they are weird. But, when I look at them, all I can think is that these kids made them by hand. It took them weeks of shopping, designing and sewing. They had to applique the names in pink felt. They had to cut and sew the blouses. They had to decorate the guitars. Even Mr. LeMaire, the wardrobe director here, told me, 'Mrs. Katsaros, if Elvis can inspire girls to learn that kind of fancy needlework, he's doing a real service!' I couldn't agree more."

And what does Elvis himself think of all the criticism? He echoes the words: "Obscene? Tone down?" He seems sincerely baffled. "Listen, when a cat starts in purring, can you tell it, 'Okay but tone it down'? The same with me. I start singing and, right away, my motor starts running and away I go. How'm I going to tone it down and keep it from getting fakey?" He ponders a moment. "I got a respect for music," he says. "It may come as a shock to some folks but I heard of Bach and Beethoven, and I even heard some of their music. If I had time, I'd like to hear more. I wouldn't use my music for any low purpose, and you can take my word for that!"

In support of this, he wonders why so many of his records are sold without people seeing him. And in England, where he's never been seen at all, his popularity is prodigious. And his sweet and sentimental ballad, "Love Me Tender"—written in collaboration with Ken Darby, leader of the Kings Men, and which Elvis delivers in straight simple style—sold a million before release of the film by the same name and may be his biggest hit.

But the final word on this subject, and one that perhaps sums it up, was to be spoken by the redoubtable Colonel. Said he, "Every performer has a pelvis. Many have guitars and play them. Others wiggle when they sing. Different ones rock and roll. And still there's only one Elvis Presley. Let's face it: There's more than a pelvis to Elvis. There's brains, skill, talent, looks—and a great big loving heart. . . ."

At this season of the year, Elvis's loving heart has naturally been filled with plans for Christmas. What can he get for those parents he adores? "But I won't ask Mother," he smiles, "'cause I know just what she'd say: 'Don't give me anything but your love.'" That, of course, she has had for all the twenty-one years of Elvis Presley's young life. And that she will always have.

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What's New From Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 5*)

Kipling stories, the Babar and Pooh stories. And I read to my own children. Past tense. My older boy is a great reader, but Garry —well, he sees me reading the sport page and says, 'What happened?' and I tell him to read it himself. Just for the practice." The album which Garry has recorded contains such tales as "The Elephant's Child" and "How the Camel Got His Hump." Says Garry, "Records are fine but most of a child's first experience with books should come from parents. That will lead kids to read for themselves." He goes on, "TV gets blamed because kids don't read so much. I don't think this is true. I had a letter from a first-grade teacher telling me that she thought kids were more aware of words because of TV commercials. She told me that she sent some students to the blackboard to write 'does.' All of the kids spelled it 'Duz' except one lad. He wrote 'Tide.'"

Mama, Ricky & Tallulah: When *Mama* went on vacation July 27th, she didn't come back. CBS got 125,000 letters and petitions begging her immediate return. Many came from our readers in response to a note in this column. So on December 16, *Mama* comes back on CBS-TV at 5:00 P.M. Sundays. And just like nothing happened, the story picks up in the year 1917, right where it left off. And nothing exciting's happened to the cast except for Dick Van Patton (Nels), whose wife had a second baby in October. . . . 16-year-old Ricky Nelson is now one-half inch taller than his 20-year-old brother David. . . . It's hard to see anyone but Tallulah in the lead in "Little Foxes," but that's what Greer Garson attempts at 7:30 P.M., Sunday, December 16, on NBC-TV. (All times EST, of course.)

Hit & Run: Galen Drake will soon be turning up on TV. . . . Tom Tully, Inspector Matt Greb on *The Line-Up,* began his career as a dog. He barked for $7.50 a day on the radio edition of *Renfrew Of The Mounted.* . . . TV's first lady of song, Dinah Shore, has been described as "the only singer who can start a fire by simply rubbing two notes together." Born in Dixie to the blues, she first scored in minor moods. Now a star, possessor of a happy home that includes husband George Montgomery and daughter Missy, eight, Dinah proves she can still boil the blues. For Victor it is an album, "Bouquet of Blues," and in it Miss Dinah pulsates "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," "St. Louis Blues" and ten other songs out of the night.

Big Steve & Little Steve: Big Steve—six-two, age 35—Allen, is prolific. He is entertainer and musician, writer of books, stories and songs. He has a safe-ful of contracts for television, movies, records and written matter—and an unwritten avowal somehow to find the time to visit the Coast and his three sons by a former marriage. But, says wife Jayne Meadows, Steve's a "helpless" male. He's also *helpful,* may have sparked the career of a new Presley when he invited George Hamilton IV to guest on a recent Sunday show. . . . Little Steve—five-eight, age 21—Lawrence makes his album debut for Coral with a dozen pleasantries. His TV boss, Big Steve, says, "His is a voice infinitely better than those of about 47 other singers I can think of who are considered by the public bigger than Steve Lawrence."

Seeing Stars: Everybody's pulling an Alfred Hitchcock these days, using big-name stars as movie extras. Mike Todd's fabulous "Around the World in 80 Days" used 50 stars. In Elia Kazan's "A Face in the Crowd"— the story of the rise of a TV performer—you will recognize many of the "crowd" as faces from video. For some of them, see our picture. . . . A face that will be missed is the lovely one belonging to Evelyn Patrick. The very beauteous commercial announcer on *$64,000 Question* married Phil Silvers in a "spur of the moment" ceremony on October 21, and she'll let Phil be the breadwinner, despite his *You'll Never Get Rich* show title on TV. . . . And there was a family resemblance that the ABC Radio audience couldn't see on a recent *My True Story* dramatization. For the first time in his twenty-five-year career, Frank Thomas, Sr., was teamed with his son, Frank Thomas, Jr.



No Western garb for "Sheriff" John Bromfield when he dates wife Lari.

Station Breaks: The last thing Fred Allen did before his untimely death, the narration of "The Jazz Age," will be on *Project 20,* on Dec. 6. . . . Theme music on *Wendy Warren* set to words by show's organist, Clarke Morgan. Sheet music, titled "My



TV stars turn movie extras in "A Face in the Crowd," with top roles for Pat Neal, Walter Matthau. L. to r.: Walter, Sam Levenson, Bennett Cerf, Pat, Virginia Graham, Betty Furness, Faye Emerson, Burl Ives.



No olive drab for "Sergeant" Phil Silvers when he wed Evelyn Patrick.

Hometown," available at your music store. . . . Any child, seven to seventeen, can apply to compete on *Giant Step* quiz. Write *Giant Step*, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. Enclose picture, name, age, address and area of knowledge. Valuable prizes such as college education, travel abroad, etc. . . . Audrey Meadows' husband gave her a horse for breakfast—or was it her birthday?

One Woman's Meat, Etc.: Lee Merriwether leaves *Today* this month to be replaced by Helen O'Connell. For Lee it has been a great experience but a circuitous road, for she wants to be an actress. For *Today* she got up at 4 A.M., which is about the time theater people generally retire. Now she'll have a chance to audition for teleplays. For Helen O'Connell, *Today* is just right. Now with a steady job, instead of free-lancing, she will be able to settle down in one city on a definite schedule with her children. It means, too, that she will add to her talents as a vocalist with such TV chores as reporting on femme fashions, weather, and generally assisting The Garroway.

Como To My House: No Christmas tree should be without Perry's album of Christmas music for Victor. It's all Perry, singing a variety that ranges from "Rudolph" to "Come All Ye Faithful," and Perry's great. But when interviewed about Christmas plans, the reaction was typical Como: "What do I do at Christmas? What does everyone else do? Go to church, have a big tree, and open presents. The kids get their toys all over the place and it's worth your life to move around the place. Then there's a big dinner and, afterwards, from sheer exhaustion, everyone falls away." But Perry's oldest kid, Ronnie, 16, is really growing up. "In past years, Ronnie's asked for fishing rods, footballs, bicycles. This year, guess what he's asked for. You won't believe it. He only wants a slide rule." . . . Another wonderful item, and particularly appropriate for the season, is Capitol's album, "Tennessee Ernie Ford: Hymns." He sings a dozen classics and you can't imagine the same voice cracking jokes. His is a beautiful baritone, filled with compassion and reverence.



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Edwards' Nightmare

(*Continued from page 49*)

researchers are convinced that surprised subject so-and-so will not turn blue and assault me on receiving the news that this is his life, then I believe them implicitly.

"On the other hand, there are those who contend that anything can happen. And I've been around show business long enough to know that it's a fact. So I'll admit there *is* an occasional nightmare in the house of Edwards, and I have it.

"Rationally, I know the chance of my nighmare coming true is one in a thousand, no more. The Americans are too solid to let it. But one of these evenings, I suppose, it just could be that I will be swung at in full view of umpteen million people, and have to do something about it. Shall we let it go at that?"

Edwards had never previously been willing to let himself be drawn out on such a dire possibility. But the possibility has occurred to thousands of agitated onlookers, who week on week have gazed on *This Is Your Life* with an awed feeling of momentary disaster.

Edwards, after all, deals with people who have no training as professionals in speaking or acting. Or he usually does. He must deal with them, furthermore, in moments of emotional stress. He must antagonize neither them nor his audience. He must be verbose, hearty and urbane.

"Why should I fight it?" he has finally confessed. "Something or someone can blow. Completely, I imagine. Of course, we've already had jam-ups and near hysterics, but we're prepared for those. But what about drastic eventualities? Well, here and now, I'm of the opinion there's an answer for everything, that there's no conceivable hole out of which I couldn't get. I mean that if I couldn't extricate myself from a bad ad-lib situation, I'd feel I'm in the wrong business. The situation might call for my talking until exhaustion set in, including a full rendition of the Gettysburg Address. But I'd do it.

"But no such situation *should* happen, because planned guests of *This Is Your Life* are screened as carefully for stability as they are for a cardiac condition. Still, say somebody does blow. I'm Ralph Edwards, I'm on camera, and someone on the burly side has just swung on my jaw. I've thought about it, yes. Well, if he connects, my choice is easy. I fall down and go to sleep.

"But I've been a boxer. I know self-defense. And I can't think of many circumstances under which I'd swing back. Be unthinkable. My offhand idea is, I'd try to laugh and cajole him out of it—holding his arms, no doubt. It would be my first impression he'd never seen the show and thus didn't realize what we were trying to do. There are many people who are sensitive to ridicule and wouldn't be aware that we never ridicule anyone. I think in this event I could convince him and cool him off easily. It might be a good idea to get him off camera for a period, but we're trained for those emergencies. I remember one lady cried and talked so that I had to drop eighteen pages from the prepared material, and no one knew the difference. I don't even let myself think of having to deal with somebody completely intractable. But if worse really comes to worst—well, we *have* given thought to these bugaboos, after all. There's a filmed show always waiting for the day they push the panic button.

"But, just to theorize for a moment, what if I say on camera: 'And here is your dear friend of forty-years standing, Joe Sunblossom! You haven't forgotten Joe, have you?'

"And the guest says, 'I haven't forgotten him and I still think he's a creep.'

"We've thought about that contingency. And I want to say again I don't see how it could happen. The research is such that the behavior of everyone concerned is ninety-nine percent predictable to us. But the basic point is still sound: No one's immune from emergency. So in this case, it would be again a matter for cajolery, of kidding the subject back into a receptive frame of mind. For that, I'm pretty well equipped. All these years with *Truth Or Consequences,* where we really did take a few chances, haven't gone for nothing. But failing this, there are other devices, camera or vocal. We wouldn't go off the screen and I think we'd end up laughing.

"And what would happen if a guest, on being notified of imminent biographical fame, simply stalked off the stage? I doubt he'd get far, always allowing the credibility of the idea—which I don't. I'd motion to Bob Warren, our announcer, to take over, while I persuaded the guest that he was not being victimized. It probably would be a case of a person who'd never seen the show but *had* seen a few shows where guests have water balloons broken over their heads. I'm sure I could make him see reason. If I couldn't, as I say, I'm in the wrong business. I do have confidence in myself. It's requisite to my job."

Edwards claims he is by no means haunted by the occupational hazards of his show and his friends bear him out. But he still understands that to assume mechanical perfection in ad-lib conditions would be foolhardy, and he *does* occasionally awake drenched in sweat. These fears are based on something besides the ephemeral chills. Mild threats have from time to time arisen to nudge his aplomb. Casey Stengel, manager of baseball's famed New York Yankees, met the glad tidings that this was his life with marked disgruntlement. It was widely publicized.

"But widely mis-publicized," Edwards claims today. "Actually, Case *was* a man who'd never seen the show, and he didn't know what was happening to him. As it went on, he warmed up. And at the end we were all happy as clams. Anything else you've ever heard is wrong."

Again, Edwards had a bad moment with film producer Dore Schary. Schary, whose life it was, had been beguiled into appearing by a not unfamiliar Edwards device—being told that he was bringing Robert Taylor there for the purpose. In fact, Schary had been equipped with an album bearing the words, "This Is Your Life—Robert Taylor." Just prior to his entrance, the albums were switched on Schary, who unknowingly carried one bearing his own name. But did this sway so incisive a fellow as Schary? Not a bit. He intoned as instructed: "This Is Your Life—*Robert Taylor!*" Not for seconds did it occur to him that Dore Schary was a very strange way to spell Robert Taylor, and the double-take was just as long in coming.

As a matter of fact, Edwards—who is not willing to admit he ever failed to surprise anyone at least somewhat (barring those few notified in advance for cardiac or other reasons)—will go so far as to say that show people are harder to fool than simple folk whose timorous egos permit no day-dreams.

"Danny Thomas," Ralph said not long ago, "actually told me later he suspected. 'But then,' Thomas said, 'I decided I must be wrong because my wife hadn't told me, and I never knew her to keep a secret before in my life.'"

On the side, two criticisms or pseudo-criticisms of *This Is Your Life* rarely fail to goad its top man. One is the familiar charge that by parading private griefs or emotions before the public eye, he is besmirching human dignity.

"We never do," he says. "That's absolutely all I have to say on the matter. I leave the rest to the audiences. We never have, never do, never will."

His other *bete noir* is the many-headed fellow who approaches him privately and insists on confirming his suspicion that the whole affair is done with rehearsal and advance preparation. Merely thinking of these cynics can spur non-profane Edwards into an outburst. Indeed, you should know the time and money expended to insure secrecy.

Of course, these two crosses to bear exclude the nightmares of Ralph Edwards, his own private set of horrors.

"But how can I worry too much about them," he now affirms, "with the American temperament being what it is. These friends of ours are solid and healthy. We'd know it even if we hadn't researched them. It may be true I wake up in a swivet now and then, in mortal combat with the pillow and hearing the crew yell, 'Pry the guest off Ralph!' But then I think of Americans and go back to sleep again."

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Let's Talk With Arthur Godfrey

(*Continued from page* 23)

a word without disrupting the program. He tried to signal one of his assistants but, somehow, they were concentrating elsewhere. The drunk was about to attempt to yank Arthur from the saddle. And then a cowboy, Leonard Mayer, came galloping in, scooped up the drunk and dropped him over the fence. It was a trivial incident but only because Leonard Mayer saved the situation. However, no one imagined that Mayer, himself, was putting Arthur to a test. He wrote about it in a poem when Arthur was gone. Here is a partial quote:

"I stood there watching as he came in
on the plane
The crowd was excited, not even sane.
Me, I wasn't bothered by this 'whoop-
tee-do,'
'Cause he has to prove himself to me
and you."

Leonard Mayer went on to say how much he learned to admire Arthur Godfrey during his week's stay. And it's true. . . Arthur is a great guy. He is at home with the grocer or mechanic, the executive or housewife. Arthur is a happy-go-lucky guy with a quick sense of humor. But this is only part of the man. The other side is quite serious. It isn't out of character for him to sit alone in his office for hours at a time. He is indulging in a pastime that is often considered unpopular: He is thinking.

His thinking processes are so good that his ideas get the respectful attention of Congressional leaders, generals and industrialists. A member of congress, George A. Smathers of Florida, called Arthur "one of the best informed men, either in or out of Government, on the matter of this nation's air power." And to show people, he's the top authority on radio and television. To Americans in general, he is a man who knows—he has been at work since he was ten and he knows the country and its people. His is a wisdom of experience and observation and analysis.

So ten questions were proposed to Arthur. Questions that would have meaning at the end of the old year and beginning of the new. Some questions were personal; some were about you, the audience; some were about his business.

The questions were not submitted in advance. His answers were neither taped nor transcribed by a secretary. The questions were put in his office which is in the same building that houses the CBS studio where his morning show originates. It is an office that is not ostentatious. There are personal mementoes on the walls: Pictures of his children, his mother, his friends, of ships and planes, and on his desk there is a miniature oil painting of his wife, Mary. As he talks, he swivels, stares at the rug and tousles his hair. Some answers come quickly. Others come after some thinking and, usually, as you will see, the thinking is out loud.

First question: What are your future plans for television?

Answer: "Well, I'm just getting around to what I would like to do on the Wednesday night show. You see, several years back, they asked me what I would like to do before the show started. I said I'd like it to be informal. Just as it might be if I were sitting down to talk with friends —real people—like the neighbor farmer or the garage man or my old friend Erwin Wilson—just me and my friends. So they called it *Arthur Godfrey and His Friends.* Then they turn it into a variety format like Milton Berle's which wasn't what I had in mind at all. I wasn't satisfied. I wanted to make some changes. But it's funny how a show can get away from you. It's like having a horn stuck on the car with no place in sight to stop and have it fixed. You just stay in line and keep moving along. But now the show's changed. The title, too. Now it's *The Arthur Godfrey Show,* and I'm doing more of what I like and it's fun. Lot of the fun is new talent. Helping the young ones up. And when they get in the big money they can go out on their own. Now Jan Davis, who is producing Monday's *Talent Scouts,* will be feeding a lot of new people into the Wednesday night slot. And another thing we will do is relax and do what sounds interesting and forget about the variety format. We'll do a lot of traveling and originate from points all over the United States. Eventually, I hope it becomes exactly the kind of show I wanted in the beginning—where good friends meet to be entertained and talk about things that interest them."

Second question: What do you expect to be doing 20 years from now?

Answer: "Hope to be doing the same things. No, I'll be seventy-three. I hope by that time I'll be doing many of the things I want to do today and can't. Like flying a helicopter right into the center of town. I'd like to still be on my horses and don't see why I shouldn't be. My instructor is 67."

Third Question: What do you think of American women?

Answer: "Well, I think American women are wonderful. No, if I were to criticize Americans, both sexes, it would be to bring up the only thing I can see against them—they don't appreciate their country and its opportunities. And one other thing, or the same thing. People aren't thinkers. I wish people would stop oftener to think things out for themselves rather than accepting whatever they read or hear."

Fourth question: What goal should people have—success, happiness?

Answer: "You can't have happiness without some success and you've got to work for it, but health is the important thing. Health. As long as you've got that, you can enjoy life. And health is another thing that we have to be grateful for as Americans. When I was born, life expectancy was about forty-three. Now the average man can expect to live until sixty-five. Few other countries in the world have the conditions—the economy, the institutions and equipment, the researchers and the doctors—that make this possible for us."

Fifth question: What principles have guided you to success?

Answer: "Trying to be on the level all the time. You know the story, after the car accident, I was in a cast for weeks and weeks. I listened to the radio. The same kind of radio I had been doing before the accident. And it all sounded so phony. Everyone was trying to talk like Milton Cross. Everyone reading someone else's words and sounding like it. That's when I decided to be myself and take my chances. I make mistakes but they are my own mistakes and honest ones."

Sixth question: Who is the most memorable woman or man or entertainer you have known?

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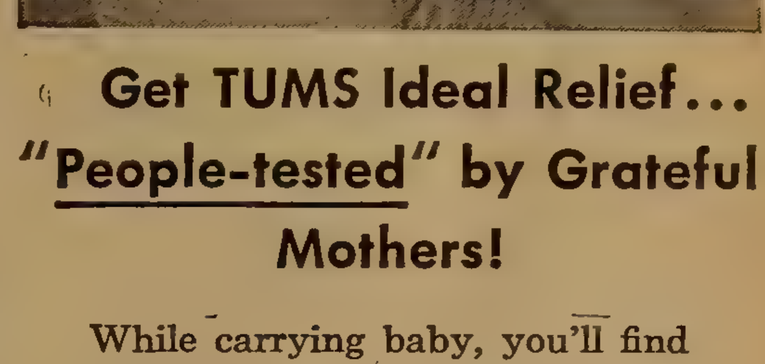
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Answer: "When you say memorable I think of Alfred Drake's performance in 'Kismet.' That was beautiful. And W. C. Fields is the funniest man I've ever watched. But forgetting show business and speaking of people I personally know of, I would say Helen Keller is the most memorable woman. When you leave her presence you feel that you've been as close to the Deity as you ever will get on earth. What she has done for herself is what I call using your head. Maybe before you first meet her you feel sorry for her blindness. But you don't feel sorry for her when you leave. You feel sorry for yourself. Your miserable self. She is just so wonderful, so complete. And the greatest man I've ever met. That's easy. That would be Curtis Emerson LeMay. General LeMay is a man dedicated, selfless, conscientious, capable. Here is a man who is concerned with only one thing—the safety of his country. There he is commanding strategic bombing, which in reality is our only defense. Yet we don't give him much help. His personnel are underpaid. Officers in his command are constantly being offered double their pay to work for industry. A technical sergeant, at the end of enlistment, can go to work for industry at a weekly salary that equals his monthly pay in the Air Force. It's Curt's job to persuade these officers and men to stay on even though they may have families to be concerned about. General LeMay is a patriot in the truest sense. He deserves some help. We've got to be honest with ourselves. These people are there to protect our lives. They fall into a special category with other groups like teachers. They are not getting the respect and compensation equivalent to the importance of their work."

Seventh question: What is the most difficult problem you have ever faced?

Answer: "It's a continuing one. It's crowds. I can't walk into a grandstand or a restaurant or theater without feeling squeezed in. I've watched other entertainers do it and some like the recognition. One of our big-name comedians—his name doesn't matter—I once saw him at a race track. He stood up and shouted, 'Hey, everyone, here I am. Here I am.' Now, for him it's different. He loves to be mobbed. Well, I've tried it every way. I've gone into a place with heavy glasses and a hat—and I've gone in with just no disguise to brazen it out. But no matter what I do I just can't feel comfortable. If it were a matter of sitting down in a parlor with these people and just relaxing, it would be different—but when it's coming at you like a street parade, I don't know. I'm not, I guess, the real celebrity type."

Eighth question: What makes you angry?

Answer: "It's when people do stupid things and louse themselves up. It doesn't really make me angry. It mostly hurts. That's all. Thinking, that's what it comes to again. It's fine to be handsome or have a lovely voice or a beautiful face and figure. But what good is any of it if there isn't some gray matter up there being put to use?"

Ninth question: What advice would you give a youngster who hopes to go into television?

Answer: "Surveys show that there are 2.6 persons to each set. So you got to think about talking to them. Not to millions, not to a mass, but just one or two. You are in their living room and they want close-ups so they can see your face and eyes. They are going to get to know you intimately. Well, you'd better grow on them, and your personality develops by improving your character. You've got to do things. Study. Sports. Travel. But stay away from the joints. You've got to grow. Be interesting. Character is the one word. Above and beyond talent you've got to have character, for television brings people just as close as your next door neighbor."

Tenth question: What kind of world do you hope for your children?

Answer: "The kind of world where we have eliminated the constant threat of war. And I think we can do it by being so powerful that no one will attack us. You know it's going to take only one plane and one bomb to blow up a whole city. And the enemy can get through despite radar and fighter planes. You know that during World War II, no American bombing mission was ever stopped short of its target by enemy action. So let's face it. If we can do it, so can the enemy. So what's the answer? We must be ready to knock out any enemy the moment war is declared. We must have long-range intercontinental bombers that can sit back here like a cocked pistol and scare anyone from fighting. We don't have enough bombers or enough trained personnel or enough bases now. We have to get them quickly. And then, when the threat of war is eliminated, we start to set the world right. There is no excuse for people starving anywhere. There is no reason for people working as they did a thousand years ago—and in some parts of the world they are that far behind. Now with atomic fission for power the standard of living of the entire world must be raised."

Golden Girl

(*Continued from page* 39)

carries you to what appears almost to be a small camp ground, just the thing for informal open-air entertaining. Barbecue, TV, refrigerator, radio, and dance area are covered by a shingled cabana. Just outside, a green lawn and blue-green pool. The house and grounds, together, make a a paradise to fulfill any woman's dreams.

"Gail had been looking for a house for some time," says her mother, Mrs. W. B. Grayson. "Suddenly she found this place—and, believe it or not, she fell in love with the grounds and not the house. In fact, never thinking of the house, she bought it for the charm of the surroundings." Then she adds: "Gail decorated the house herself—or, I should say, in conjunction with a decorator. But she was in a quandary. No sooner had the house been turned over to her than she had to go out on the road.

"She was on the telephone with the decorator every day," her mother smiles, "to see how things were coming, making sure he wasn't putting in something she didn't want. Then frequently, while on tour, she'd see a piece of furniture she liked. For example, in Texas, Gail found a pair of matching tables she thought would be just right for the living room. She called the decorator, describing them to him. She did this a number of times with various pieces of furniture. *Then* she'd begin worrying for fear he'd get her descriptions confused. She called back saying, 'Don't get it, don't get it! Wait till I get home . . .' When she finally returned, there were just bits and pieces—nothing was completed."

Now, however, the house is a fair reflection of the two main facets of Gail's personality: Annie Oakley, the tomboy, and Gail Davis, the ultra-feminine woman. Take the captain's chairs in the dining room, for example. They are made of heavy rock maple and weigh about fifteen pounds each. Heavy Dutch doors are in many rooms of the house. The furniture in the living room is substantial—just as Gail is substantial and down to earth. Like Annie Oakley, she's a gal with both feet planted squarely on the ground.

In the library-den, Gail's *Annie Oakley* scripts fill one wall; they are bound in white calf. For decorator touches, she has "Annie Oakley" dolls sitting on the floor and in the corner of a bunk-like couch. Horsehead bookends, a leather lamp shade, and steerhorns on the wall carry the western theme. There is a small bronze bust of her Western boss, Gene Autry, on the maple table. And the kitchen is the final proof that Gail loves the West—from the saddle-bridle-and-Stetson design in the wallpaper to the shiny brass coffee pot and knife-holder, every detail spells easy "chuckwagon" living.

Gail's bedroom, on the other hand, reflects the second facet of her personality—her frilly, little-girl and feminine side. The bedroom is pink and white: White curtains with pink background; white rugs, pink hassock; white dressing table, set against a pink rice paper wall (which she specially ordered); and, finally, Gail's white toy kittens on top of her bed are balanced by her pink slippers on the floor below.

A little pink appears in all the rooms—Gail jokingly asks, "Guess my favorite color?" In all the rooms, that is, except the dining area. "But," says Gail, "I haven't finished the dining room . . . I'll get some pink in there yet!"

Gail's clothes also reflect the two basic aspects of her personality. She literally lives in Western garb all day—but the minute she gets home she changes to frilly feminine clothes. When she is on tour, however, out come the tailored cowgirl suits. Even here, though Gail knows she has to be in character for her appearances, she doesn't go overboard. Her specially tailored suits, which are extremely expensive, have only a slight Western flair—nothing so extreme that you could say: "Well, there goes a cowgirl."

At home, her favorite outfit is a hostess coat—pink, naturally. She also likes to wear peasant clothes, since she considers full skirts and full sleeves extremely feminine. Though Gail does not wear toreador pants, she does wear slacks; but the blouses she wears with the slacks are never too tailored. As to jewelry, Gail infrequently wears a plain single necklace or a gold chain bracelet with pearls—then she considers herself really dressed up.

Gail is completely un-Hollywood. She is unpretentious, not gaudy or ostentatious. She loves home. In fact, she loves both her homes—the new one in Hollywood, and her parents' place in Little Rock, Arkansas. She has an I-love-small-towns attitude. During the filming season, she takes every opportunity available to fly to Arkansas for a visit—sometimes for only two days. But, of course, each flight is a trip of love, for Gail not only goes home to visit with her mother and sister, but also to see her own little five-year-old daughter Terry. Terry—or "Boot," as Gail fondly nicknamed her—is a bundle

of loving blue eyes and blond curls. She spends six months of the year with Gail in Hollywood. During the days, Gail drives off to work at five in the morning, and Terry is watched over by her grandmother. Every summer, too, Terry, Gail's sister Shirley, and Mrs. Grayson come to Gail's North Hollywood home to play and vacation in the sun. And, when Terry is "home" in Little Rock, Gail sends her love by phone three or four times a week.

Besides her frequent three-day flying weekends in Little Rock to visit her daughter (Gail was divorced five years ago), Gail is very close and much interested in her younger sister, Shirley. She loves to share the little triumphs that are part of her growing sister's life. For example, when Shirley won a lead in the high-school senior play, "I Remember Mama," Gail felt a great pride in her sister's ability. She worked doubly hard on her latest *Annie Oakley* episode so she could take an extra day off to fly home for the performance. "It was only because I was the smallest one in the class," says Shirley, "that I was asked to play Dagmar." But Gail disagrees, saying her sister is an extremely competent actress.

Gail's ability as an actress, of course, goes unquestioned. She has been singing and dancing since she was two. Her first public appearance was made at three, when she was voted "the most beautiful baby in Arkansas." Her parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Grayson, encouraged her from the start and provided dancing lessons to develop her talent. She was active in all outdoor sports (which later came in handy for her *Annie Oakley* role) and, in high school, she became an outstanding dramatic student. For the next two years, Gail studied drama at Harcum Junior College in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. The well-known director, Richard Nash, was her instructor at that time. "We did one show a month," says Gail, "built sets, learned the art of make-up, stage technique, and hair-dressing—it was grand experience."

Gail later went on to the University of Texas, where she continued her dramatic work and won the distinction of being selected as one of the famous "Blue Bonnet Belles." Gail met Gene Autry through some mutual friends when she was still in Texas. They met again in 1950, in Hollywood, and Gene asked Gail to co-star with him in one of his Westerns, "Cow Town." "I was scared to death," Gail recalls, "because I wanted so desperately to succeed."

For years, Autry had wanted to produce a series of motion pictures which would establish the first girl Western star. As Gene says, "Little boys have had their idols—Tom Mix, William S. Hart, Buck Jones and, later, Roy Rogers and me—from the beginning of the picture business. They've always had it over their sisters in this respect, because little girls had to idolize the same stars—all men. Why not give the girls a female Western star of their own?" This is and has been his reasoning—but he was stymied in his search for the right girl. He wanted an actress who looked the type, who could ride and shoot, yet at the same time reflect freshness, youth and dignity. He could find no one who fulfilled all the specifications.

Then came Gail Davis.

Gail is one of the hardest-working girls in television. When the *Annie Oakley* series is being filmed, she is sometimes up at 4:30 A.M.—does her own hair in pigtails—drives to the ranch for the outdoor scenes, and often works until 7:00 P.M. that night. Then she goes home to do her own housecleaning and cooking.

Gail admits she gets tired. On location—after dinner, after studying her lines, after a nightly hairwash, and after creaming her sun-and-wind-swept face three times—Gail turns in for a well-deserved sleep. She's found that rest is her best beauty preparation.

At home, as on location, Gail follows the same rigorous work pattern—the early-to-bed, early-to-rise routine is followed religiously. She only allows herself an occasional Sunday-night date; then, more often than not, she entertains the *Annie Oakley* crew with a steak dinner prepared on the outdoor barbecue. She works so hard there is not much time left for dating.

As a result of her hard work, Gail had an unfortunate experience shortly after moving into her new home. She came in one night, put a steak (her fare, three nights out of five) on the broiler and fell asleep on the couch. When she woke up two hours later, the house was filled with smoke. Her new home was nearly ruined—the drapes and carpet had to be cleaned, the kitchen repainted. Even the bedroom needed repairs. She spent $5,000 and moved out of her precious paradise for a month while it was again refinished.

When *Annie Oakley* is not in production, Gail—being a stickler for detail—rehearses as much as four hours a day, spending two hours practicing her riding and two hours at target practice and other Western stunts. She is methodical—when given the Oakley role, Gail began building a library of books about Annie Oakley. Now she's an authority on the character.

Also, when *Annie Oakley* isn't in production, Gail is on the road making personal appearances. In 1955, for example, it was estimated she flew some 50,000 miles, and drove another, 40,000. Her young fans, having learned that Gail travels by air so frequently, have taken to hanging around Los Angeles International Airport in the hope of an autograph.

Gail's methodical nature saves her time and effort in packing, a routine she now has down to a science. For a recent trip to Casper, Wyoming, she took four costumes—enough for three shows. "In doing shows," she says, "you have to pack in such a way that your clothes do not get creased. I put tissue paper in the sleeves and under the shoulders of all my coats. For speed, I keep my gun belt and boots in special bags—that way, the white polish does not come off on the clothes. I put my full slips in a bag, too. I roll them up tightly, and put a rubber band around each end. This not only saves space, but keeps them from crushing. Skirts, I pin on the hangers with small bits of ribbon. They hang straight and full—and, again, are not creased. After making these trips for three years, I think I've finally learned how to pack a bag.

"On tour, we are like a big family—some of the crew members have been with Mr. Autry for over twenty years. Though it's hard work, I enjoy it. We work until eleven P.M., then all eat together and don't get to bed until two A.M.—then up again at six to get to the next town—but it's stimulating." However, Gail admits, that, after three or four weeks of these one-night stands, the gang are all looking toward Hollywood and home.

As important and rewarding as her home is, something equally important in relation to Gail's career happened just recently. Gail was invited to the wedding of John Wayne's daughter, Toni. Wayne remembered Gail from a very small part in a picture they did together when she first came to Hollywood. After the ceremony, he came over to say: "Gail, I never miss you in your *Annie Oakley* series . . . you're just great in it. Say, would you mind giving me your autograph? For my youngest daughter, Melinda, you know." Coming from the Duke of all Western stars, Gail felt this remark the ultimate compliment, adding to the joy she feels about both her home and *Annie Oakley*.

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This Is Where It All Began

(*Continued from page* 20)

want it—all right, we'll sell the store" . . . and freed him to go his own way? Was this success sparked by the taunts of those who were so openly sure he wouldn't make it? Those who'd turned a knife in a young boy's dream?

The answers to this one would take more than thirty seconds. For Hal Mendelson, they'd taken thirty-six years. . . .

During his triumphant homecoming, accompanied by TV RADIO MIRROR's reporter, Hal March was to relive those years leading up to today, to go back where the big dream began. And through his eyes and memories, through the words and memories of his mother, his sister Bessie, childhood friends, old neighbors—all those who had known Hal Mendelson very well—the answers and the pieces would fall into place. Pieces of a success story as heartwarming and inspiring as any Hal March himself helps materialize on *The $64,000 Question,* over CBS-TV.

A success story that began in an old, faded flat down in the once-tough Mission District of San Francisco in the days of gang wars, when cops patrolled only in pairs. Here Hal's Romanian-born parents, Leon and Ethel Mendelson, operated their first delicatessen store. And here, one high noon, their youngest—Harold, pride of his parents, his sisters, Frieda, Bessie, and Ruth, and his older brother George—was born. . . .

"Right here on Eighteenth Street, between Valencia and Mission," Hal March was saying now. "Many of the kids I knew here are in San Quentin today, but the district's different now—nicer now." Hal was looking about him eagerly for their old flat. "It was that second one, I think, an old wooden flat with concrete steps. But they were all condemned—they've put new fronts on all the buildings now. I was born right at home with the aid of a 'lady doctor'—or midwife, as some would say."

At an early age, Hal demonstrated the charm which was later to make him so warmly loved throughout the land. He had a very high neighborhood rating, even then. His sisters took care of him after school while their mother worked at the store, and—as Bessie (Mrs. Isadore Friedman) remembers—"The neighbors were always wanting us to bring him over to their houses and baby-sit. They would even make 'appointments.'"

Bessie's was a firm, sisterly hand in intention—but not always in the result. "I was always trying to teach him to speak correctly then, and particularly to always say thank you." But Hal had an early aptitude for the ad lib, too . . .

"Hal, do you want a cracker?" a neighbor asked indulgently one day.

"Yes," he said promptly.

"What do you say, honey?" his sister prompted. "Yes *what?*"

"Put some butter on it," said Hal.

As his sister has laughingly commented, "Hal knew what he wanted, even when he was two and a half years old."

By the time he was six, Hal had an alert eye for his billing, too: "Our older brother, George, had a baby son, Les, who was only four years younger than Hal and always large for his age. But, from the time Les could talk, our younger brother made him call him 'Uncle Hal.' If he didn't, Hal wouldn't answer him!"

From the beginning, Hal leaned to show-business hours, too—and to sleeping late. It was a family project to awaken him, and his sisters spelled each other standing over Hal, shaking him and making sure he was on his feet and scrubbed and, finally, safely on his way to school. As his mom put it, years later, "God was good to you. You got a business where you can sleep as late as you want to." . . .

But Hal March was thoroughly awake now, going on to the two-family flat his dad later bought on California Street, in a better neighborhood. Every landmark so keenly associated with teen-age memories was coming alive for him: "This hospital wasn't here then. None of this was here. Just open country. This is California Street now—that's right, they took up the streetcar tracks. That drug store was here then. And that's our house right there!" he was saying excitedly, indicating the two-family gray stucco flat with the familar twenty-five-foot San Francisco front and two small green shrubs bravely substituting for a front yard.

"The yard was in the back, really," Hal was remembering, "five square yards of lawn. Why, the house is still the same color! I don't think they've even painted it since we lived here. That front upstairs room on the left . . . that was my mother's and father's bedroom . . ."

The street where you lived. The house where you lived. There's magic in every memory. Here, in that back bedroom upstairs, an excited teenager would lie awake dreaming of the big adventure ahead of him—the "star" he would be in Hollywood. He'd broken in his first catcher's mitt in the "five square yards" in the back, and also playing catch, during lulls, behind the delicatessen store.

For young Hal Mendelson and his gang, for all kids of the Depression, there was little time and little space to play. As Sam Elkind, whose father had a poultry store two doors from the delicatessen on McAllister Street, had put it: "We both did a regular day's work after school. We'd play baseball back of the store and Hal automatically 'caught'—he'd gotten the catcher's mitt for his birthday, and he was so proud of it. I remember how he kept showing us 'how hard the slap' was."

During this time, together with Jim Diamond (today a San Francisco advertising man) and Ed Susnow (now a doctor), they organized the "Brandeis Club," named for the late Chief Justice Brandeis, and met in a room at the Hebrew School. By then, too, Hal's singing voice—which later came as a surprise to many, when they heard him on television spectaculars—was showing some promise semi-commercially. Hal and Sam Elkind (today a dramatic teacher) sang with the choir at the Children's Synagogue.

Hal was dedicated to one dream from the age of twelve: "I had a comedy part in an operetta, 'Malenka of Astrakhan,' when I was going to Roosevelt Junior High. Feeling the reaction out front—knowing all those people out there were watching you—that did it! I fell in love with audiences then. And I haven't changed," Hal was reminiscing now, heading toward another alma mater, George Washington High. . . .

And, from the first, audiences returned Hal's affections, his family noted. "He wore a black suit and a flat black derby and he was very funny," his mom had smiled, remembering. And he was a smash in "Tom Sawyer," she recalled. "The next day, all the customers came into the store talking about it." His dad had been very proud—"very glad to see him so well received, so successful in the part."

In the second play—in the role of "Puff Potter," the town drunk—thirteen-year-old Hal had the audience right in his hands . . . and, heady with his success, he wouldn't let them go. "When he went on stage, he went down center and hammed it up something terrible," his sister Bessie has noted. "He was *so* drunk—drunker than fourteen people could be!—and the audience laughed at him so much they didn't hear the others' lines."

That night, when they got home, Bessie had a serious talk with him about the way he'd tried to hog the whole show. "Haven't you heard of group spirit?" she chided. "How the play is the thing?" Well, yes, he'd heard of that, he said—"But. Bess, I was having such fun!"

On or off stage, even then, with his magnetism and personal charm, Hal Mendelson always had an audience, anyway. He was elected president of the whole student body—numbering 2,000 students—at George Washington High, his first year there. And you have his sister's word (and Hal's agreement) that scholastic ability had nothing to do with it: "The school was brand-new, and it was quite an honor. Hal promised them bigger and better rallies and less homework—he had a great platform. They loved him and he got elected. My brother always had this basic charm, and it worked miracles. With teachers, too. He never studied, never brought a book home." His puzzled family could only surmise that teachers personally felt he was bright, and just passed him, anyway.

At his triumphant homecoming reception, Hal's high-school counselor and home-room teacher, Frank Morton, had twinkled: "I'd like $64,000 for the two questions Hal and I asked each other when I was his counselor in high school. On his part, 'Will I ever pass—before I pass out?' And, on my part, 'Why don't you study more? You'll never get anywhere.'" But he'd also observed that Hal Mendelson knew where he was going, even then: "Frankly, Hal didn't require much counseling from the faculty. He knew definitely what he wanted to do—and he did it."

Prophetically enough, in his graduation year, the school yearbook featured a shot of Hal at a microphone. Through the years, he had always tried to reassure his family not to worry about a paper he was supposed to be preparing or a speech he would have to give. "When the time comes—I'll know what to say," he would turn it aside casually. And he usually did. Words came easily and forcefully to him. As president of the student body, he delivered a stirring speech before six hundred veterans, with the mayor in attendance—and also Hal's mom, misty-proud. He emceed school activities and entertained with imitations.

He was equally active in athletics, primarily track and football. "The football field wasn't here then," Hal was saying now, touring his old alma mater, and filled with memories. "We used to play our games at other stadiums. The auditorium wasn't finished, either—we held our graduation at Commerce High." Hal played center on the team, then fullback—"Got my nose broken that year." This had worried him a little, with his heart set on show business, but having noses rebuilt was considered somewhat of a luxury then. Later, in the army, playing ball with some buddies, he got his nose broken again ("the other way—that straightened it out").

"That store at the corner of the school grounds," he was remembering nostalgically, "that's where we used to go for hamburgers. You could get a plate of

spaghetti and a hamburger for twenty cents. . . . Lana Turner was one of the students—her name was Judy Turner then. She was a year or two behind me."

But it was during the years working behind the counter of his dad's delicatessen store that Hal Mendelson developed the great compassion which, coupled with his charm, would someday prove the magic combination that would give him the largest audience in the nation and make him so warmly welcome in their homes. His father was a man of great compassion and a true "good Samaritan," the philosopher and the philanthropist of McAllister Street.

"My father was no business man. Not that we did badly. We never starved in the Thirties, when others were in the breadlines—and neither did anybody else, if my father knew it. He was an intelligent man, and he preferred to spend his time reading and in discussion with priests and rabbis who would gather in our store. He had no money—he gave it all away." Leon Mendelson early impressed on each of his children to give the customer a fair measure, and they would often find him giving a customer three ounces too much. If they mentioned it, he would say, "But she has three children. She needs it—and we have *lots* of it—"

Now, it filled Hal with warm pride, to be remembering: "I found out, after my father died, that he had been supporting as many as sixty families during the tough times—and he'd never mentioned it. There were a thousand people crowding into the temple for his funeral—and outside in the street, for a block. He was a giant among men."

On McAllister Street, Hal learned to know and to weigh life in all its dimensions. He absorbed the human drama all around him—as well as the dialects and characteristics which proved invaluable in the human characterizations he later gave on the *Burns And Allen* and other top Hollywood radio shows. "It was a very cosmopolitan section. We had a lot of nationalities in our neighborhood, and I have a good ear for sounds. I'd learn the dialects from customers who came into our store and mimic them," Hal was saying now. But he never ridiculed them when he used their voices on radio, his family proudly noted later on: "Hal would always portray them with kindness and warmth."

And during one interval, while working behind the counters, Hal and Sam Elkind even worked up a cooperative teen-age band. Sam played the piano, as Sam had recalled, "and Hal was front man in a white jacket and baton. He also sang the vocal refrains." They called their group, "Tommy Parker and His Orchestra," and their insignia was a teepee. "It was a fictitious billing, calculated to throw the Musicians' Union off guard. None of us had the hundred dollars to join the union. They'd say, Who's the orchestra leader? We'd say, Tommy Parker. It was a dodge, but it worked . . . for a while. This was during the Benny Goodman era, and we used to all go in a group and 'absorb' music."

Hal was absorbing the vaudeville shows at the Golden Gate Theater then, too: "I went down there every Friday night and watched the show with my tongue hanging out. Maybe someday I'd be on the bill, too."

He was frequently "on" in the store, however. "The customers all loved him," his mother had said, the memory bright in her brown eyes. "Hal always came into the store with a song. He was always so full of life and sunshine. The Salvoni brothers—Italians who had a market across the street from ours—would sing 'Pagliacci' and Hal would join in with them. We also had a butcher who sang, and they were always singing and dancing and making opera in the store. But Hal cared nothing about the delicatessen business. He was so good-natured he wouldn't say no, about helping us. But sometimes he would say to me, 'Mama—I *hate* the store. If I'm fifty years old, I'll be an actor—no matter what anybody says."

True, Hal was saying slowly now, "I felt as if I were in prison there. I couldn't wait to leave, but my dad was sixty-five years old, and it was traditional for the son to help out the father in the business."

For Hal Mendelson, the fever to act was becoming a burning thing inside of him. McAllister was a dead-end street, and he was living for the day when he could break out. . . .

"My father was really the kind of man who wanted me to do what I wanted to do, but nobody in our family had ever even talked show business, and this came from 'way out of left field. He just couldn't see the point of my wanting to be an actor." A practical aunt put it this way, "How can you make a living? You have no background at all." Hal's sister Bessie and his mom wanted him to go to college or to Pasadena Community Playhouse, where he had been offered a free scholarship, and prepare for his profession. But he was too impatient to begin. "I can learn while I'm doing. I don't want to take that time," he said, having no way of knowing just how many long years it was going to take.

To Dave Apfelbaum, the kind old barber who had cut Hal's hair since he was eight years old, he would bare his heart. In those days, he spent a lot of time in the old barber shop across from the store. He would bring the barber his favorite "imported German liverwurst" when his dad got it in, sit down and relax and start dreaming out loud. Talking of show business. The actor he would be some day.

"Sure," the barber would say affectionately. "Sure you will. You're going to get a good, heavy stepladder and you're going to be on top—*high* up—"

But there was another merchant on the street who was ready to kick down every hope Hal voiced to him. "What makes you think you can act? Who are you kidding? You'll wind up on McAllister Street just like all the rest of us. You wait and see," he would scoff. . . .

Going back to McAllister Street now—to Hal March, this seemed like only yesterday. The wound so deep and still so sensitive in his memory. "I made the mistake of letting him know I wanted to be an actor and wanted to go to Hollywood," he was recalling. "And he broke my heart when I was a kid. He was the successful merchant on the street. I was the son of the small merchant. I remember he used to say, 'How in the world are you going to be an actor? How will you do it?' I didn't know *how*. There's no set way.

"After I got to Hollywood, the first time I got a national network show, I drove up in front of his store in a brand-new Cadillac. 'How are things in McAllister Street?' I asked him. The next time, I went back in a brand-new Jaguar."

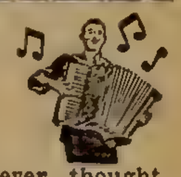
"How you doing down there?" the merchant had asked. Then, "Must be doing all right," he said, looking at the car and obviously impressed. "Well, no—it's a little slow," Hal had breezed. "I'm just making two thousand a week now. I took a cut—" watching the man's face . . . and remembering how, in the past, he'd hurt a kid with his pocket full of dreams. . . .

Now, Hal March was going back to Mc-



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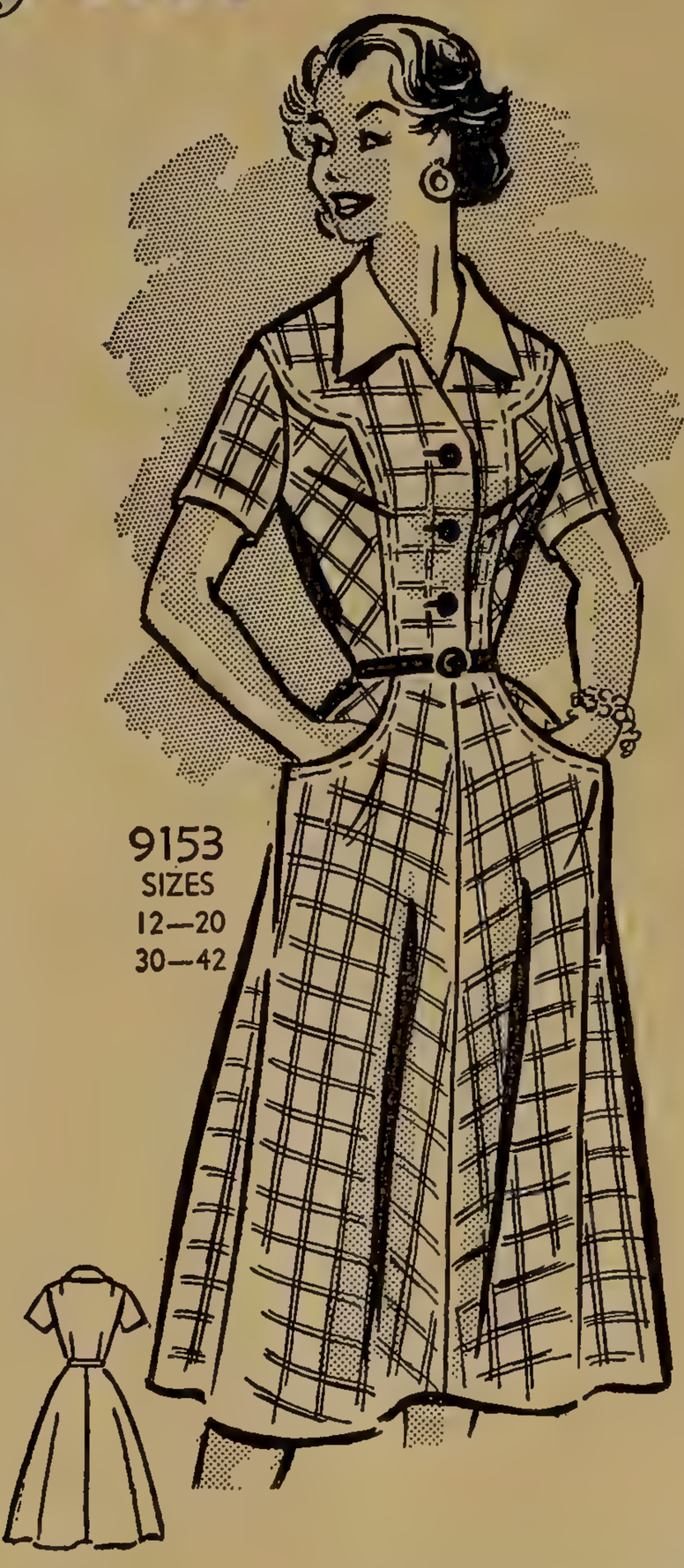
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Allister Street again, and for the first time since he'd become a star in television with *The $64,000 Question.* This time, he was going back as star of the most successful show in TV. With not only the gold key to all of San Francisco, but the magic key to almost every home in America.

This time, he was going back in a shiny black limousine with a chauffeur and a police escort, and bringing a beautiful bride to introduce to them all. . . .

"I spent the biggest part of my youth here," Hal was saying now, emotionally. "I was raised with these people. The barber who used to cut my hair is still here."

In some ways, the street seemed the same. Cops were escorting a frowsy-haired woman into a paddy wagon and taking her away—and creating almost no stir. This is not news here. Nor is a siren news. But Hal March is. The whole street turns out to welcome him. Shabby lace curtains part from windows of musty rooming houses, and heads poke forth. The Chinese laundry man, the flower woman, the lady from the bakery, a veteran on crutches. Delicatessen merchants in white aprons flood the street. All nationalities, all ages—they come from nowhere, surrounding him. It's "old home week" on McAllister Street. Leon Mendelson's boy has come home . . . a star.

The block echoes with shouts back and forth. "Remember me, Hal? . . . Hi, Hal. . . . There's Hal! . . . Got time for a pastrami sandwich, Hal?"

The delicatessen store is a "Launderette" now. "Shag rugs washed, dried and fluffed" there. No longer, his dad's prized home-churned sweet butter or corned beef. No longer there—the gentle-faced Santa Claus of the street. Hal's eyes moisten and he turns away. . . .

"There's Dave's barber shop—and there's Dave!" he says, going to greet him. The old barber throws his arms around Hal's neck affectionately. "Hal you look thin. Your beautiful hair—you cut 'em off." To Hal's lovely wife, Candy, he's saying, "You got good husband—not a better boy in this world. I know."

And, to one and all, Dave is saying, "He is like my own child. I'm so tickled to see him so far up. This boy, I knew he'd make it. You haven't got another boy in Hollywood with such a great soul as this boy. To suffer, to struggle, was nothing for this boy." To Hal, his parting word is: "You got yourself a good fine stepladder. Now you stay up there."

And in the crowd in the street, paying homage, too, is the merchant who put a knife in a young boy's dream. "Today," Hal was saying quietly, "today, he says. 'He's my boy!'"

They were wrong, any of those who doubted young Hal Mendelson. He was never about to wind up on McAllister Street. The music he could make was too happy—the dedication, too strong. No struggle was too great to get where he wanted to go. "You don't know *how* you're going to do it. You just know you've got to try—or die. . . ."

And, one rainy night, eighteen-year-old Hal Mendelson had braved it and hitched a ride to Hollywood to try. "It was raining cats and dogs that night Hal left," his mom well recalls. "I felt terrible and I cried. He didn't have anything to do. He didn't have anywhere to go there. But it worked out fine, God bless him. That was the right road for him. . . ."

But not before years of struggle. And true to life's irony, Hal Mendelson was to get his real start on the professional stage—not in Hollywood—but in a burlesque house on the other end of . . . McAllister Street.

(*Part II—February issue.*)

Hero at Home

(*Continued from page 46*)

Stover.' You may not know it, but *Love Of Life* is one of the biggest things on this island. Practically everyone watches it, on kinescope—which is the way they get it here, instead of by live TV. Betty Swizer, the girl who is going to interview you, is one of your big, big fans, so don't worry about being unprepared. She probably knows as much on the show as you do."

Dick Coogan laughs when he talks about it now. "You know, the man was right! When I walked into the studio, Betty Swizer introduced me as if I were an old friend—which I suppose I was, because of *Love Of Life*. I had no idea of what I was going to say. The whole thing had happened too fast. But she was just great. She had all the right questions, without seeming to reach for them. It couldn't have gone better if it had been planned ahead. Excepting that I got carried away by her enthusiasm and by the knowledge that *Love Of Life* was so well known and liked in that far-off idyllic island, and I practically gave away the whole story line for weeks ahead. It was around the time when the locket, and the mystery of the picture in it, was getting important to the plot, and I found myself spilling a little of that carefully guarded information. I talked about Vanessa, and Meg Harper, and little Carol and the others, and there was hardly anything I left unsaid. All complimentary—and true, because they're a wonderful bunch."

No one has reported the number of feminine hearts that fluttered precariously that day, when it became known Paul Raven was actually in their midst, in the person of Dick Coogan, but the count could be impressive. It would take color TV to show his reddish-blond hair and blue eyes, but the impression of kindness mingled with strength in this well-built man—who's six-foot-three—shows up just as well in black and white. So does the firm jaw line which warns you that, beneath the easy-going, friendly manner, this is a man who can be tough in a fight, if he must be. Probably because he looks like a good scrapper, he has often been in fights, on TV and in the movies. So many of them that it's extra-lucky he leads a serene and happy home life with his wife, Gay, and seven-year-old Richard Jr.—who's called Rick to differentiate him from his daddy.

"Being one of ten kids myself," Dick grins, "I had to learn early how to fight back. There can be a lot of scraps in a large Irish family—both in and out of the home—so I've had my share of donnybrooks! It's odd, under the circumstances, that I seem to take so much physical punishment on the screen, without being allowed to fight back!"

In the picture, "Three Hours to Kill," Dana Andrews was supposed to throw Dick a punch, for the camera only, not actually hitting Dick. "But," Dick laughs, "*bang!* Dana clouted me—instead of missing—and I was out." In another movie, "Girl on the Run," Dick had a struggle with a powerful ex-prizefighter actor. "It'll look good for the camera," he told me confidently, "but you won't know you're being hit." All went fine, until the director kept urging the fighter on to more and more realistic close-ups. After Dick got through rocking from the blows he took, the director said everything went well—but why didn't Coogan keep looking toward the camera? "As if I had any choice but to look in the direction in which this guy was banging my head," says a still combative Coogan, who only asks for a chance to fight back fairly.

During the Broadway run of the stage play, "The Rainmaker," in which Dick played Sheriff File a couple of seasons ago, he had to get off stage fast, before the lights went up on the next scene. One night, he ducked off so quickly he missed his direction and ran into a pipe. He played the rest of the performance with a bump over his wounded eye. Another time—on the *Martin Kane* TV series—Lee Tracy was supposed to miss him with a punch, but it landed on Dick's mouth. A commercial coming in at that moment gave Dick time to collect his wits and repair the damage with a little make-up.

By contrast, all is comparatively peaceful at home with the Coogans. In spite of her burnished red hair, Gay has none of the tempestuous and mercurial moods usually ascribed to redheads, and her blue eyes look calmly upon the world around her. Living up to her name, Gay has a flair for making life seem filled with pleasant things already happening or about to happen any moment.

She was Gay Adams before she was married, a singer with vast ambitions who saw them flower into a successful night-club career before she gave up the rest of her career dreams to take care of Dick and Rick. When Dick met her, he was carrying a spear (or similar lethal weapon) in a Leslie Howard production of "Hamlet," and Gay was a decorative lady-in-waiting. But Dick didn't get a chance to ask her for a date—until after he had been knocked down by a cab while pushing Leslie Howard out of its path one night! Dick wasn't really hurt, but it was enough to make Gay ask about his health. This gave him courage—and the opportunity—to ask her to dinner one night.

"Now," Dick smiles, "when we go to a club and hear some singer hold a roomful of people spellbound, it is hard for Gay to realize that she once did this. I can remember when I would sit at a table, listening to her, watching the room quiet down, the waiters stop serving. Seeing every head turned her way, feeling the emotion she was building up between herself and the audience. Sometimes, it seems a shame she gave all this up, because her voice is a lovely one. But I am sure you couldn't persuade Rick it is a mistake to have his mother at home!"

Rick was born June 10, 1949, while his daddy was appearing on television as that dashing spaceman, *Captain Video*. When Rick was beginning to toddle around, he would watch Dick on the screen, then circle the set, when the program went off, looking for him at the back. He never could figure out where Daddy had disappeared to! Now, Rick is a second-grader, very busy with his own pursuits, seldom able to see *Love Of Life* because of its noontime slotting. He takes his dad's job as actor pretty much in stride—and that's the way the Coogans want it. Whether or not he will be an actor hasn't yet even been discussed, although in many ways he follows the pattern of Dick's interests.

"Some days, I think Rick is the image of Dick," says Gay, "and, some days, Dick thinks he is the image of me—so it must be that he's a combination of us both. He is built like his father. He has Dick's mouth. We knew, the day he was born, that his ears, with hardly any lobes, were going to be just like Dick's. Puckish, Pan-like ears."

"Rick has Gay's profile and her fine eyes. And Gay's temperament," Dick adds. "I hope he has inherited Gay's brains. She has great inner resources, and great inner strength, and her reactions to

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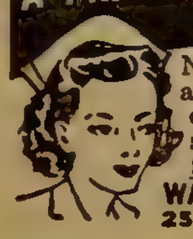
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everything that happens are always right. I couldn't wish for any better inheritance for our child."

In New York, the Coogans live on the upper East Side, in a comfortable, roomy, homey apartment. Summers, they spend in their cottage on Long Island, overlooking Great South Bay, where they swim and fish and boat—and a small boy can dream big dreams of sailing the Seven Seas. And, always, the three of them spend a lot of time together.

They have had the same after-prayers routine, at Rick's bedtime, ever since he first began to talk. Like most kids, he hated to have his parents leave him with nothing to do but go to sleep—and who cared about sleep when so much of interest was still going on in the grownup world? He could always think of one last question he wanted to ask, and finally that turned into three questions, repeated nightly. First question: *Will you give me chocolate milk?* This meant that, if he woke up during the night, it was already settled that he could have some milk. He still asks it—but practically never wakes up. Second question: *Will you leave the door open?* This was because the door was closed until he got to sleep, opened before his parents went to bed. It stays open now, but it's part of the bedtime ritual to ask—and perhaps it's still a form of security for a little boy left alone in a big room. Third question: *Will you have breakfast with me?* This one is still very important, answered in the affirmative, except on rare occasions.

"Sunday breakfast is particularly important now to Rick," Dick explains. "I don't play golf on Sundays. But, after church, we like to go to the club for breakfast. The big dining room pleases Rick. All the men eat there and this makes him feel grown-up. It's a very special date that morning."

Dick says he "discovered golf" a few years ago, and admits now it was rather rough on Gay and Rick when he became a golf fanatic overnight. Even at home, he spent his time reading books on the game to improve his techniques, practicing putting and swings. He takes it a little more lightly, but he shoots in the middle seventies, and has Rick handling a small set of clubs like a pro. "Want to see a kid hit the ball the way it should be hit?" someone will frequently taunt an adult who has been working hard at the game all morning and slicing every shot. Dick glows with pride at the tribute, but Rick takes it in stride, never shows off.

Just like his daddy, Rick works hard at what he wants to learn. He takes to sports like a Presley does to rock 'n' roll. He skis with the grown-ups, rides a bike in a way to make your hair stand on end, swings a bat like a big-leaguer, began to sit a horse like a veteran when he was only three years old. Gay put regular ball-bearing roller skates on him at two and let him learn balance and movement in their hallway, where the carpet gave him security. Later, they found a beat-up patch of grass in the park, to practice outdoors, before going on the pavement with the big children.

Gay is a tennis fan. Her grandfather was national singles and doubles champion of the United States at one time, and she has his strong serve and forehand and backhand. Dick plays some tennis with her, and she goes to the golf driving range with him.

Together, father and son make things in Dick's basement workshop. Airplanes. Boats. Bookcases and shelves. There are always some pets around the house, usually a couple of parakeets, a canary, and always their beloved old black cocker spaniel, "Shadow," and the French poodle, "Misty." Rick has the normal small boy's love for all living things.

When Dick isn't busy with his carpentry, he's apt to be at his easel, painting. He's self-taught so far, was offered thirty-five dollars for his second painting, a landscape, but decided such an "early Coogan" should be kept in the family and not sacrificed for mere money.

Art will never interfere with Dick's acting career—but journalism almost did, first at high school in his home town of Madison, New Jersey, and then at Emerson College, in Boston. "I found out that what they say about writing is true—that it's the art of applying the seat of your pants to the seat of a chair. I guess the prospect of that much hard work scared me off. Little did I realize that acting, or anything else you work at, requires the same devoted concentration.

"There were ten children in our family, and I'm the only one who become an actor. A teacher got me interested in school dramatics during a period when I was ill and couldn't participate much in sports. I have had a lot of other jobs besides acting during the early lean years—from running an elevator, to selling, to defense work in an ordnance plant—but I always went back to radio and the theater. I did countless roles before television, and made my TV debut in 1945 in *The Front Page.* For a long time, during my *Captain Video* television period, I was doing six evening performances and two matinees on the New York stage with Mae West in 'Diamond Lil.' Sometimes, I didn't know *who* I really was."

Now, as Paul Raven in *Love Of Life,* Dick Coogan is a marked man wherever he goes. Kids in the nighborhood still call him "Captain," but everyone else refers to him as "Paul." In fact, as Dick himself points out, "New people I meet are much more interested in this fellow Raven than they are in Coogan. I was speeding across the Triborough Bridge to New York one day last summer, coming in from Long Island, already fifteen minutes late for rehearsal and trying to make up time. A police car suddenly appeared out of nowhere and I knew there was no use trying to talk my way out of that. When I reached for my driver's license and car registration, they weren't there, so I was in an extra bad jam.

"'And I'm late for rehearsal,' I groaned.

"'You in show business?' the officer asked, giving me a look that said, This is impossible because you don't look like any actor. 'What show?'

"I told him he wouldn't know about the show because it was a noontime program on television. A show called *Love Of Life.*

"'What part do you play?' he asked suspiciously, and I told him Paul Raven.

"He gave me a quick once-over. 'So *you're* the guy who has been giving me a hard time with my wife,' he said. 'All she does it talk about this Raven guy. And all I'd have to do is go home and say I gave Raven a ticket, when he was only trying to get to his show on time, and I'd never hear the last of it. To prove to his wife that he had really met me, I had to send an autographed picture. I couldn't have been happier to comply with that request!"

Gay doesn't mind this admiration for her husband. She doesn't even mind when letters come in from women, asking if he is married, and saying what fine, devoted wives they could be if only a man like Paul would look their way. She doesn't mind the fact that she and Dick can't walk into a store or a restaurant or theater any more, without her husband being recognized and asked for his autograph. Or that they have to keep changing their telephone number because groups of kids call up just to hear his voice on the phone.

She doesn't even mind when people write to ask if Paul and Vanessa—who is played by Bonnie Bartlett—are married in real life, as they are on the show. She knows this only proves what good actors they are. However, she has been known to tease her husband by complaining that, when the script calls upon him to kiss Van, he needn't appear to enjoy it so much!

Dick himself thinks that Gay and his TV wife, Vanessa, are alike in many ways. In their love of children and their patience and understanding of them. In the level-headed way they both meet their problems, and the courage with which they face any crisis. But mostly in the way Gay always helps him and stands beside him, as Van helps Paul.

Undoubtedly, among all those fans in this country and Honolulu and heaven knows what other distant shores, there is no more staunch one than Gay. She and young Rick know and share Richard Coogan's *Love Of Life.*

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Shiny New Penny

(*Continued from page 24*)

anyone but a girl like Rosemary. She has a theory that a woman—any girl-child with an understanding heart—can project herself into almost any age. She believes that all women retain a childlike side of their nature which makes it easy to slip backward in time, especially back to their own bittersweet days of adolescence.

This ability to combine mature emotions with childlike moods and enthusiasms makes Rosemary an actress interesting to watch and a girl interesting to know. As Mrs. Michael Thoma (pronounced with the h silent and the o long), she is the wife of a talented actor-stage-manager, currently serving in the latter capacity for the Broadway hit play, "No Time for Sergeants." As Rosemary Thoma, she is also the brand-new owner, with Mike, of a stunning new ranch house in Rockland County, about 35 miles out of New York, in the foothills of the Ramapo Mountains. As Rosemary Thoma, she is also chief cook and dishwasher. She also had endless lists of things still to be done and people to be seen concerning the house they have just had built by Moireale Brothers, Builders, a firm which has developed much property in the Ramapo foothills.

As Rosemary Prinz, however, the girl who is Penny Hughes every day on television, she finds herself just as happily fitting into that teen-age framework, emotionally and physically. She flings herself around the sets with the abandonment of a high-school girl. She curls up on the floor to play records, or talks endlessly over the telephone to her best friend, Ellen Lowell, about boys, parties, school, homework and the difficulties of dealing with parents. She makes dates, and then agonizes over what to wear and what to say. In fact Rosemary dresses like Penny, thinks like Penny, *is* Penny.

"It's a wonderful outlet for me, this going back," Rosemary says. "I'm lucky. Other women may vicariously enjoy watching their own daughters grow up, or following a program like ours. We get many letters from mature people who tell how much they enjoy Ellen and me and the boys in the show, as well as they do the more adult members of the cast. After all, who wants to be entirely grown-up every minute of every day?"

It could be argued here that perhaps Rosemary feels so strongly about this because she began to grow up earlier than most girls, when at sixteen she bought a show-business paper, read an ad in it, and applied for a summer stock company job at Cragsmoor, New York.

"My parents had wanted me, their only child, to go to college first. But they listened when the owner and director of the theater, the well-known Morton DaCosta, suggested that I need not stagnate merely because my formal schooling was interrupted. He told me that, with an inquisitive mind and a reasonably intelligent approach, I could get the 'schooling' I needed as I went along. It must have been difficult for my parents to give up their own plans for me, but they had always encouraged me in whatever I wanted to do, and I am very grateful."

Those who watch Rosemary being Penny Hughes know that this is a petite girl who has to stretch just a bit to reach 5'1" and weighs a mere 96 pounds. One of her teachers used to call her "the girl with the golden eyes." There seems to be no better phrase to describe the golden-brown eyes that seem to light up as she looks at you. Her hair is golden-blond in the highlights, darker in the shadows until it seems almost brown. Her nose is small and cute, her mouth full and pretty.

Mike Thoma, to whom Rosemary has been married since 1951, when he was twenty-four, is a tall man—5'11", lean ("the kind of man who has always attracted me"). Sandy-haired, but balding since he was twenty. With what Rosemary calls, "a kind of humorous nose, as if he were always laughing a little at life, and at himself; strictly a non-neurotic type. I think maybe it was his sense of balance and his marvelous sense of humor, along with his gentleness and consideration, that made me fall in love with him."

They met on the stage of the Grove Theater, in the town of Nuangola, Pa., where Rosemary was a member of the company and Mike had come up to act in one specific play. It was on the opening night of the play before the one in which Mike was to appear. He was "casing" the theater and waiting for the curtain to go up. Rosemary, the perfectionist, had come out on the empty stage to check the lights before finishing her make-up.

"I had only the plain base on my face, no eye or mouth make-up at all. I looked a mess, but I didn't mind meeting the people who belonged to the show. Then I saw this strange young man wandering about the stage, and I thought: What an idiot! Doesn't he know better than to hang around on an opening night, twenty minutes before curtain?

"I was embarrassed, of course, at having a stranger see me as I looked then. Mike was thinking (he told me this later): What a big deal she must think she is, having to check the lights for her make-up. Does she think she's starring on Broadway?"

That's the way it was between them at first—sort of an unspoken antagonism—until the opening night of the show in which they appeared together. The strain of opening night over, the cast went to the one restaurant that stayed open late and Rosemary and Mike danced to the tunes from the juke box. "I think we both realized we were beginning to fall in love. It was really very romantic. The quiet little mountain town. The moonlight. The long walks we took in the evenings after that. The knowing finally that one day we would be married."

They were married on June 10, 1951, the summer after they met, in the Little Church Around the Corner, sometimes known as the Actors' Church.

Rosemary had always thought: Why all the fuss about weddings? But her mother was sure her daughter would like to remember a real wedding. Mike was inclined to go along with Mrs. Prinz.

And Rosemary admits today, "I never thought it would mean so much to me, but when the time came I felt like *such* a bride. All dressed up, and carrying a bouquet. Fluttery and nervous, just like brides in the movies and television. But when the actual moment came to walk up the aisle, I was so happy that I'm sure I was smiling every step of the way, instead of looking properly demure."

When Mike and Rosemary moved into their first home, a small apartment, they found neither was too proficient about housekeeping. Their dining table came with legs separate, to be screwed into the top, and they had to call Rosemary's mother to help them put it together. They are still not very ardent do-it-yourselfers. Rosemary was already something of a cook, a maker of zesty sauces and barbecue triumphs, and a good baker. Baking specialties are a chocolate-chip cake (long

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Mike's favorite), a lemon cake, and a variety of fancy split-layer cakes.

The new house has an all-electric kitchen with oven built into the wall, plus a new automatic dishwasher. It also has roaming room for Grundoon, their jet black cocker spaniel. Rosemary tells you that these are the three main reasons they built a house, but you suspect that the fact she has never before lived in a house, much less owned one, has a great deal to do with it. Especially when she tells you what a wonderful feeling it was "to go out and see all those people so busy building *my* house."

There seemed to be a kind of destiny about the house, from the first. If their Sunday paper had been delivered as usual, if they hadn't slept late enough to retrieve the competitive Sunday paper from their neighbor's trash after it had been read and discarded, they might never have seen the advertisement. Their usual paper didn't carry it. But having read the ad they decided to take a ride and see if the property lived up to the fancy phrases describing it.

When they walked through the model home, they knew this was no lark. They stared up at the mountains, the great trees. Rosemary, looking at the woods all around, already heard them ringing with the symphonic music she loves and was brought up on. Her father, Milton Prinz, is a brilliant concert cellist who worked under Toscanini and is a member of the Firestone Symphony Orchestra. Rosemary studied piano and voice, but chose dramatic acting as her career instead.

"I knew that, at last, here was a place where I could turn the volume full and play the recordings and the radio as they were meant to be played, without worrying about annoying the neighbors. I stood in the big living room, forty-two feet long, and imagined how it would sound like symphony hall, and how the whole house would be filled with music. I looked at Mike, and knew he felt the same way."

Together they selected everything, from details to important items. "We both have to live in the house and should feel equally content with everything. My father, like Mike, has definite ideas and my mother and I like that. I'm not used to husbands who say, 'Whatever you want is all right with me, dear,' and wives who wonder later if it really is."

Their white-roofed ranch house, set in an acre and a half of ground, was designed for the downhill slope it occupies. This means it has two stories at the back, the lower one being a huge recreation room leading to the patio, with utility room behind the recreation room. Materials are white brick, dark brown shingles, and mottled beige-brown wood called "pecky" cypress. In addition to the big living room, there is a dining area, the big kitchen, three bedrooms and the bathrooms.

The recreation room has three cypress walls and one in pale pink stucco, with a brown and white spattered asphalt tile floor. The furnishings throughout the house are a "kind of subdued modern." What Rosemary means by this is contemporary design, but with extremely simple lines and attractively textured fabrics.

For a girl who starts rehearsing in a New York studio at 7:30 each morning, is off the air at 2:00 in the afternoon, and then rehearses again for the next day's show from 2:30 to 5:30, commuting from the country presents a problem. It has changed their lives to the extent that she doesn't cook dinner on week nights, but usually meets Mike at a restaurant in town, before she hurries home to study her script for the next day's show.

None of these things bother young Mrs. Thoma, however. She is used to work, struggled a long time to make her way as an actress before the jobs began to come in steadily and before she met Mike. In the early days she took any job she could get between theater jobs. She sold pots and pans from door to door, worked as a hat-check girl, as an alarm operator for a detective association (on the midnight to 9:00 A.M. shift so she could make the rounds for theater jobs during the day), clerked in a department store.

By the time she was called to audition for the part of Penny she had proved herself, of course—had been in many of the big night dramatic shows on television, a long list of radio plays, four short-lived Broadway plays and had loads of stock company experience. In addition, she was then playing the second female lead in another daytime drama. Because of this, she didn't push too hard when she was called to read for Penny by the program's director, Ted Corday.

"I didn't count too much on getting the part, although I liked it so much. I have learned not to count too much on anything, but to take everything as it comes, a day at a time. It was a happy surprise when word came that I was to be Penny, particularly because my other show went off the air at about that time. Immediately I started to let my hair grow, like Penny's. I took a short rest, and baked cake every day. My husband had more cake than he could possibly eat!"

As the months have gone by, Rosemary and Penny have now become more and more identified with each other. She is such an interesting teenager. Special in the way that every human being is special. Typical in the way her problems are similar to the problems of other girls in her age group. Sometimes she is the sweet, starry-eyed young girl having her first dates, her first loves. Sometimes she's still the child who flops into a chair and never, never really *sits* in one, and talks incessantly on the telephone to her bosom friends. The hostile girl, at times, who fights with her brother or with a boy friend, just to let off steam. The rebellious daughter who believes that her dead sister, Susan, is still her mother's favorite. Penny dramatizes every situation, and most of all, dramatizes herself.

"We have a real wonderful crowd on our show, from Charlie Fisher, the producer, right on down. The cast, the crew, everyone. Wendy Drew, who plays my best friend, Ellen Lowell, is a good friend of mine. We both find ourselves dressing more like teenagers than we did. In particular, I find myself going around the house without make-up, wearing shorts or jeans or slacks with shirts and sweaters, not fussing too much with my hair. Of course, some days when I'm out I get very grand, as Penny would like to do—and I put on a sheath dress and long, dangling earrings. I like red, wear it a lot. If not red, usually some shade of blue. I like to keep everything bright and cheerful, don't go much for dull colors."

Keeping everything bright and cheerful and sunny is a job she likes, and works at. "Some people believe that the late teens or even twenty is too young for marriage, because those next five years are ones in which you may change a great deal. They are right in some ways—you do change. The wonderful part about my life is that Mike and I have changed, together. We have both grown and matured, together and not apart.

"We are fortunate in being interested in the same things, in the same kind of work, in the same kind of life. We want to have a family some day. We love our home. We have television in our lives, through my work, and the theater, through Mike's. He hasn't given up acting entirely, or TV either, because he had a year with a small TV station and knows every facet of the business. I haven't given up theater, although I would always want to combine it with television now.

"Being 17-year-old Penny Hughes is a wonderful experience for me. I love it. As Rosemary Prinz, however, I am glad I was lucky enough to meet Michael Thoma and marry him and already have five and a half years as Mrs. Thoma. I hope Penny will be as fortunate."

A Song for Robert Q.

(*Continued from page 44*)

Most often you'll see her in sport clothes. No jewelry. No make-up, except for lipstick. And most often, she and husband Mort Lindsey are at home in Nutley, New Jersey, where they live in a 75-year-old house that Judy describes as "early cracker-box." They have a baby, Steven, born last May, who has two front teeth; a daughter, Bonnie, who looks exactly like the story-book Alice in Wonderland; an aristocratic French poodle named Dennis, an alley cat named Geneva—and squirrels.

"We both love animals," says husband Mort, "but Judy is truly soft-hearted. We had a horrible nest of squirrels. We still have them. They get into the attic and cellar and they dirty up things. They even throw nuts at us when we dare to eat in our own back yard. So I wanted to get rid of them. Judy said, 'No.' So we didn't. But the pay-off was when one got sick. Judy called in a vet."

Mort Lindsey, recording artist and musical director, is a tall, good-looking man. He and Judy met when she was singing on the *Fred Allen Show*. They were both at rehearsal early. Judy recalls, "We met because of my bad memory. I saw Mort and thought he was one of the Skylarks, whom I should have known. When he sat down to say hello, I learned that I was wrong, but was attracted. He's my kind of man."

And what kind of gal is Judy? She is shy. So shy that she says, "I love people but it's hard for me to go out alone. I've got to have Mort with me even when visiting friends. And, even so, before I go to a party I think, 'If they ask me to stand up and sing I'll fall through the floor.'"

This comes from a gal who has sung with big-name bands, in musical comedy and on top-rated TV and radio shows. This is one side of her. To old friends, to other members of the Robert Q. cast, she is known to be unpretentious and real, delightful and vivacious.

Julann Wright, another member of Robert Q's show, explains, "You can sit down and talk clothes and food with any woman, but you hold back a little. You keep up your reserve. With Judy it's different. You instinctively know that Judy wants whatever is best for you." Judy is well-equipped to be understanding. Although in her mid-twenties, she has already lived a couple of lives and exhausted a couple of careers. At 12, she was singing with bands throughout Virginia. At 14, she was featured singer with Les Brown's famed band.

At 19, she was a has-been, or so she thought. She notes, "As far back as I can remember, I've always wanted to be in show business."

She was born Betty Bonney in Norfolk, Virginia. She had a father, mother, older brother, grandmother and a dog named Fluff. "I've always had pets and somehow I've always been good for them. Fluff lived to be eighteen." Her parents and brother are alive. Not her grandmother. "Grandmother was quite a gal. Filled me full of old wives' tales and superstitions. Like, 'Fine feathers make a fine dress.' Or if a mirror broke, she predicted seven years of gloom. If I were wearing yellow, she'd call out, 'Yellow, yellow, catch a fellow.'" But no one in the family, including grandma, was in show business or did much more to music than snap their fingers. Her father worked for the Seaboard Railroad, yet he was largely instrumental in seeing that she got a start.

At the age of three, Judy made her first bow to the public. The little girl next door was giving a piano recital and chose to have Judy sing while she played accompaniment. Judy's parents were at the recital, and were so impressed by their daughter that, from that day on, her father enrolled her in singing and dancing classes. At the age of nine, Judy had her own weekly radio program. When she was ten, her father walked her down to a six-pole tent show, headed by Gene Austen. He got her an audition. The summer she was 11, Austen remembered Judy and sent for her when his singer became ill. Judy, chaperoned by her mother, toured the summer circuit. At 12, she was singing with a college band.

"I was big for my age," she says. "When I was twelve, I passed for eighteen. And it wasn't a question of my parents pushing me. I loved what I was doing. By the time I was thirteen I had the works—all kinds of auditions and tests."

It was in Cincinnati that she and her mother were broke and stranded for the first time. A small-name band she was singing with was dissolved by the draft. Judy went over to Station WLW to audition and got a singing job with Jimmy James and his band.

She was fourteen when she joined Les Brown for two years. Next came short singing stints with Jan Savitt and Frankie Carle. At sixteen, she married a musician. The marriage was unsuccessful, and when it broke up Judy's mother rejoined her to help care for baby Bonnie.

"It was about then that I saw my first musical," she recalls. "As often as I'd been in and out of New York, I'd never had time to see a show. Then I saw 'Oklahoma,' and I decided, 'This is for me.'"

For two years, she confined herself to Manhattan, studying voice, acting and auditioning for shows. She wound up with the lead in the national company of "High Button Shoes." When the tour was over, she got a call from her agent to go down and see Sammy Kaye about a job.

It was Kaye who changed her name from Betty Bonney to Judy Johnson. And about that time her parents had moved permanently up from Virginia into a house in Nutley, New Jersey, to be with Judy and Bonnie. It was a good arrangement for Judy to know Bonnie was being cared for by her mother but it didn't really ease the hurt of being away from her child. And then, when Judy was singing at the Waldorf with Sammy, an agent from the William Morris Agency saw her and insisted they could do something for her.

For Judy it was a round of auditions again. Her big break came when she met producer Max Liebman, who was then putting together the famous Saturday Night *Show Of Shows*.

"I'll never forget that audition," she says. "The room was maybe as big as a coffee table. I did fifteen numbers for him and he didn't even smile. I was sure this man hated me."

But this man didn't. He hired Judy. For three and a half years she sang and danced on the nation's first great TV program. She remembers, "We got to work every weekday at ten and put in a full day rehearsing. It was wonderful experience, and the spirit on the show was so great."

When the program went off, Judy worked with Red Buttons, Fred Allen and, since October of 1955, she has been with Robert Q. Lewis. It was on the Allen show that she met Mort. Mort was there to substitute on piano for a very good friend, recording star Dick Hyman. Mort was no stranger to a TV studio. The possessor of a couple of musical degrees from Columbia University, Mort had worked as staff pianist for NBC, then as musical director at WCBS-TV. He played with many studio bands including Milton DeLugg's on *Open House*. The year he met Judy he was doing fourteen shows a week. He was even a deejay on the ABC network, as *The Boy Next Door* to Martin Block.

"I knew I was going to marry Mort that very first summer, and I'll tell you why," Judy says. "I was going to Texas to play a club date, and Mort helped me work on the act. Then he gave me his own material. Of course, when another entertainer gives you his own material, you know it's love."

When she got back from Texas, friends in Nutley told her of a house for sale. Mort bought it before they were married. It was the "haunted house" in the neighborhood. The windows were thick with dust. There was an authentic creak in the floors and a genuine patter in the attic (squirrels). Well, the windows were washed and beige carpeting put to the floors, while an attempt was made to chase the squirrels back to their trees. The trees are magnificient, huge oak and horse chestnuts. The house itself is painted white with yellow trimmings. Today, it is a cheerful, pleasant home, outside or in.

Both Mort and Judy have a taste for authentic antique furniture. Most of it is early American. The exception is the living room. The chairs and sofa are Louis IV, of green velvet and antique-white wood. Cocoa drapes hang from the window, and in the corner sits a handsome grand piano Mort has had since age ten.

Right off the living room is the television room, and here the Americana is rampant, with dry sinks, a great-great-grandfather clock, and a cobbler's bench. The dining room is next, and is glassed on two sides facing the yard. Above the table hangs a real kerosene chandelier. To the side is a big kitchen and, as often as not, the family eats there off a hutch table.

Their bedroom has a handsome early American-styled bed, covered with a white nylon spread and canopy. "I always wanted a canopy bed," Judy says. "It's a wonderful feeling to look up and see that white sheath over you."

The nursery is across the hall from the master bedroom. It is a conspicuously cheerful blue. The delightful floral decorations on the baby's chest were painted by Bonnie. Bonnie's own room is next door. She has a huge map on the wall that she requested for her birthday, so that she can locate daddy when he's on the road. There are ballet pictures to inspire Bonnie in her dance study and, on one shelf, there is an autographed picture of Pat Boone. This was a personal gift from Pat.

Mort has been Pat's musical director on the road during the past year. A couple of times luck had it that Pat and Mort worked the same city as Judy. Once, when Pat was singing at Atlantic City's Steel

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Pier, Judy was working across the boardwalk at Haddon Hall. For Bonnie, the highlight of that date was sitting at a table with Mort and Pat while Judy sang.

Mort is an outstanding musician. Proof of this is in his recent album for Dot Records, "The Organ and Mort Lindsey." In this hi-fi collection, he runs the gamut from sweet to swing, and plays both Glenn Miller style and rock 'n' roll. He gets sounds out of the organ that no one ever knew were there.

"Mort's wonderful," Judy says, "and it's lucky for me that he loves show business. That's why he understands me so well, for I'm nuts about the business. Besides, he's so wholesome."

She gives Mort credit, too, for getting her out to auditions. Judy's big ambition is still for musical comedy but, being shy, she doesn't push herself. Besides the femme lead in the national company of "High Button Shoes," she had the starring role in New York City Center's production of "Guys and Dolls."

"I feel as if I've tried out for 150 shows," she says. Adds Mort, "She's the only gal who gets applause wherever she auditions."

When Judy auditioned for Robert Q., she didn't know it, but she was in a "delicate condition." It was just as well that she didn't know, for Bob's show had become a kind of steady target for the stork. Bob lost the services of Betty Clooney when she got pregnant. The Chordettes took a leave when one of them went off to the maternity ward. Lois Hunt excused herself to come up with an heir. And, at this point, Bob was at wit's end. He had auditioned quite a few girls, and couldn't find one he liked. Then Judy sang for him. He was in the control booth. After the audition, Judy's agent came running out to say, "You're it, Judy. Bob thinks you're great. Just don't get pregnant." That was in September. She started with Bob in October and, in November, learned from the doctor that she was pregnant.

"Oh, I felt awful. Not about the baby but about Bob. How was I going to tell him? I thought he'd hate me. Six or seven times I walked up to his office. I'd get as far as the door and turn back. I'd come home and Mort would ask, 'Did you tell him?' Finally, I told Bob and he didn't flip his lid at all. Matter of fact, he was very nice about it and told me that he wanted me to work as long as I could."

That was on TV, and as the months slipped by, the camera just moved higher. Finally, just before Judy went to the hospital, you weren't seeing much more of her than her shoulders and face. This was a switch, for usually Judy's trim figure fits easily into camera range.

Mort notes, "Judy's waistline is about twenty-one but she's never satisfied. If she's 115, she wants to weigh 109. If she's 109, she wants to weigh 103. When Judy is 'overweight' she's practically skinny."

"It's not my weight so much as my appetite that scares me," she explains. "I love to eat. The other night, we were out with Pat and Shirley Boone for dinner, and I suddenly realized that I'd eaten more than anyone else at the table."

When Judy wants to drop some pounds, she stops eating for two or three days at a time. "I've tried other plans. Once someone told me that a full breakfast would help me to cut down on the day's eating. Well, I had a big breakfast, but it made me even hungrier at lunch time, and by dinner I was eating like Henry VIII!"

She likes to cook and bake, and makes fine fruit pies and good cakes. Her favorite dishes are spaghetti and chili con carne. When Mort is out of town and she's cooking for herself, her favorite item, unfortunately, is a starch, like noodles with butter and salt. But Judy does other things besides eat when Mort's away. When he was out of town for sixteen days, she scrubbed down the sides of the house. The time before that, she retouched some furniture. She's an industrious housewife who always finds something that requires her immediate attention. Like getting Bonnie fitted for new shoes . . . or bathing the poodle . . . or just helping the baby get up a burp—until 5:30 P.M. when she drives into Manhattan to become Judy Johnson. But at 9:30, she's home again and again Mrs. Lindsey, housewife and mother. This she finds the most satisfying career of all.

They Swoon for Boone

(*Continued from page* 32)

and Radio shows, he has become the favorite of millions. He is one of the singers most in demand at theaters from coast to coast. He has turned down offers from three of the major studios in Hollywood. And from the fans who surround him, sighing, screaming, scrambling (and occasionally fainting) whenever and wherever he appears, he gets the "Swoon for Boone" reaction.

What is the reaction of young Charles Eugene Boone, commonly known as Pat, to this excitement? He can't believe this can be happening to him, while still realizing that it is.

"I'm still asking myself, 'why me?'" he says. "The wonder grows. I can't imagine myself as a big singer. I know it's happened, is happening, but it seems to me to be happening to another person.

"Even when, as a kid, I was singing in school and in church and, later, in the local movie theater back home in Nashville, I just knew I wouldn't be a singer. Not a big pro singer, that is—didn't look like one.

"Now, when I'm on stage and getting a good reaction from an audience, people screaming and all, and when the fans write and tell me how I look to them on TV—well, when I look in a mirror I don't see the fellow they see. *He isn't in there.*"

When he looks in a mirror what Pat sees—and mirrors do not lie—is a young man six feet tall. Slender, but athletic, build. Brown, singularly clear and candid brown eyes. Dark hair, well cut. Tanned, smooth skin. Good nose. Sensitive mouth. Fine teeth. And what, if not exactly so, is a singer supposed to look like?

"My future? Circumstantial evidence to the contrary, I feel that I'm still on sort of shaky ground. Tell you a secret: I don't think I have any great talent. Lots of fellows sing better than I do. They just haven't gotten hold of good commercial songs, as I've been lucky enough to do. They haven't met the right people, as I've been fortunate enough to do. Take Mr. Godfrey for one. One of my first big breaks was on his *Talent Scouts* show. And now, what do you know, he lets me sing my records on his shows. And there's Randy Wood, head man of Dot Records. And Hugh Cherry, a disc jockey in Nashville, who took an interest in me, and introduced me to Randy Wood. And Bill Randall, a disc jockey in Cleveland, one of the biggest disc jockeys in the country, who had me on his show right after I made my very first record. And my lifelong friend and high-school principal, Mack Craig, who got me my first radio job. Mack Craig, during the high-school years when I was trying to set the pattern of my life, gave me the right slant I *hope* I have. And Dean Hacker of Columbia University, where I'm now a senior. I'm working hard to maintain my straight-A average, shooting for Phi Beta Kappa. Dean Hacker is so helpful to me, so understanding of the work I do, that he has helped me set up a schedule that will allow me the most freedom possible.

"It's pure luck," Pat said, "that I'm not travelling around, as a lot of fellows are, singing in little bars and lounges. Most of them have no family life. They're good singers, many of them, whose luck has run out. Their real tragedy is that they didn't prepare themselves for anything *but* singing. That's why I'm preparing for a teaching career, not counting on being a singer always. Dangerous to count on it—my luck may run out."

But if Pat's reaction to success is modest to an unbelievable degree, his concept of the kind of performer he means to be is clean-cut and crystal-clear.

"I read somewhere," Pat says, "that Elvis and I are 'mighty battlers for the rock 'n' roll crown.' This isn't so. My first record was rock 'n' roll. Other records, too. Some of the numbers I sing on Mr. Godfrey's shows are rock 'n' roll. Since rock 'n' roll is as old as the blues, it's safe to say it's here to stay. I'll stay with it, *but* I definitely do not want to be known as a strictly rock 'n' roll singer. I want to be known as a singer of ballads, of rhythm tunes, of novelties. I want to be known as a fellow that can *sing songs*.

"The only kind of song I will not sing, whether rock 'n' roll or any other, is a song that has suggestive lyrics. 'Dance With Me Henry,' for instance (the original title was 'Roll With Me, Henry') was submitted to us at Dot Records. But although we knew it would be a big popular hit, it sounded pretty suggestive and we wouldn't record it. By the time Georgia Gibbs introduced the tune, the lyrics had been cleaned up, the title changed.

"I don't feel an entertainer has the right to do just anything to excite an audience. If you're not on stage, it might be fun to do a lot of foot-loose and fancy-free things. But a performer on stage must make sure his influence is a good one, especially when teenagers look up to you, pattern themselves on you. I get a lot of letters from mothers of teenagers about how their kids had disappointed them by refusing to go to college. When they find out I am in college, they change their minds and decide to go. That's the kind of influence I want to have. Any example I set will be a good one."

Like Perry Como, whom he so admires, young Boone lives a good life, is a good family man, deeply religious, well-liked. And Pat is as normal as any young American you can find on any college campus or any young husband and father you may meet on any commuting train.

Pat admits that he has one or two odd quirks. "I think the one that causes me the most trouble," he says, "is a kind of refusing to grow up in some ways. I've been married for four years. We have three babies. But I still sort of hang on to athletics, read sports magazines like crazy, go out pitching ball. Result is that I'm often late for appointments. Anything you can think of young people doing, I like to do. Thing is, *I don't want*

to grow up. I never did. When I was fourteen, I wanted to be twelve again. I've always been aware, I think, that life is short and precious.

"Otherwise," Pat continued," I'm as normal as they come in background, bringing-up, everything. My folks—my daddy's in the contracting business—are people of modest but comfortable means. I have one brother, Nick. He's in David Lipscomb College back home, where I spent my freshman year. And two sisters, Margie and Judy, who are still in grade school. I'm the oldest of the family.

"When I was born my parents were hoping for a girl. They decided on the name Patricia. When I fooled them by being a boy, they named me Charles Eugene, but called me Pat.

"As a kid, I did all the things all kids do—played sandlot ball, swam in the Cumberland River, sang some, too. But so do lots of kids in school and in church and in neighborhood movie houses where, if they want to perform at a Saturday matinee, they're invited to do so. In high school, I was fortunate enough to 'letter' in all the sports. And if I have any regrets in my short and happy life, the main one is that I've not been able to play college sports.

"It's normal, too, to fall in love in your teens, want to get married, meet up with parental opposition—and elope. When we were both nineteen that's what Shirley and I did. We'd gone together for three years, all through high school. But when we talked about marriage, the cry was, 'Too young!' I was emceeing a local teen-age show, *Youth On Parade,* on radio. Shirley, who planned to be a nurse, was starting her course. 'Marry at nineteen,' our folks said, 'and you'll have a hard time amounting to anything.' It got to the point where they even discouraged our dating because they were afraid we might get married too early. Then Shirley's daddy, who is Red Foley, one of the stars of Nashville's *Grand Ole Opry,* quit the 'Opry' to become the star of his own network TV show, *Ozark Jubilee,* which comes out of Springfield, Missouri. Shirley was going to have to move to Springfield with her daddy. So we eloped. Came as a shock to our parents, both sets. Now they're very happy about the whole thing. But for a month or two after we eloped there was uneasiness and tension, which is why we skimmed off to Texas where we could be alone, work things out for ourselves. A freshman at David Lipscomb when we eloped, I transferred to North Texas State in Denton. By means of such extra-curricular activities as host of WBAP-TV's *Barn Dance,* I was able to earn about fifty dollars a week. On that money, even after Cherry our first baby was born, we lived fine. We were just as happy, every bit, as we are now. We learned to cook hamburgers all kinds of different ways—hamburger patties, meat loaf, spaghetti and hamburger, several kinds of hash.

"We don't splurge money now. Only sort of real money we've spent is for our average-sized red-brick with green-roof house in Leonia, New Jersey. It's not a big house but big enough for us and for our three babies—Cherry, now two, Linda Lee, one, and Deborah Ann, who came to us the twenty-second of last September. We hope to have six children in all. We have two cars, because we need two cars. I've had to buy some nice clothes. And a good hi-fi set which, like the clothes, comes under the head of business necessity. And I've just ordered every record Bing Crosby, Perry Como and Frank Sinatra ever made. Which comes under the head of pure pleasure. Actually, though, we have very few luxuries. No maid—but blessedly, Eva, a family friend who helped raise Shirley and is now helping us raise our generation! Works out beautifully because Shirley loves to cook, does not love to wash dishes. Eva'd just as soon wash dishes, does not like to cook.

"Most of our fun is at home. We play with the babies. We have a ping-pong table in our recreation room downstairs. At ping-pong, Shirley beats me to a pulp. At anything that calls for physical coordination—baseball, basketball, tennis, golf, swimming—she's a whiz! We play the ukulele and sing together. Shirley, when she sings, sounds just like Jo Stafford. She hasn't an ambition—my luck again—to have a singing career. But she does have a lovely voice. One of these days we may make some records together, perhaps an album. It would be fun.

"Apart from loving her as I do, she's a wonderful wife for me because her background as Red Foley's daughter helps her understand my work and what it requires of me. Being away from home a lot, I mean, and the temptations you meet up with in show business. I don't smoke or drink, and have no temptation to do either. But there's a lot of pressure, especially when you're getting started, from people who offer you drinks, feel uneasy with you if you don't drink. Actually, though, not drinking didn't hurt or hinder me any because I found what I am sure is the right way of handling it. If, when people offer you a drink, you say, 'No, thanks, or, not today,' they keep after you. You're always on the spot. But if you just say, 'I don't drink,' first thing you know people just say, 'Oh, yes, you don't drink,' and let it go at that.

"On Sundays Shirley and I go to church—drive from Leonia to the Church of Christ which is on East 80th Street in New York. Always active in church work, I'm still active. I join in the congregational singing and, when our minister is obliged to be away, sometimes preach the sermon.

"My greatest fear in life is of not amounting to anything. I'm not afraid of physical danger, or of the dark, or of death—none of those phobias. But if, when the time comes to call it quits, I have to say, 'Well, what do you know, you haven't been of much use or value to others beside yourself,' I will know I haven't amounted to anything.

"Because this is my greatest fear. If I can't have, as a singer, the kind of influence I want to have, I'll turn to teaching. In a classroom, perhaps. Or as a producer of educational programs on television. I could teach, using the TV set as a classroom.

"If I can keep on singing, if people keep on wanting to hear me sing, I can do more good, I've now begun to realize, than I can do in any other medium. For if you are a top entertainer, such as Perry or Bing, you can raise a million dollars a year for charity, such charities as the Heart Fund, the Cancer Fund, Cerebral Palsy and so on. Keep on doing this for a few years and you can be nearly as instrumental in healing people as the doctor who spends his life at it.

"A popular and beloved television entertainer, who lives a good life, has a good effect on people, the millions of people he can reach, does good in the same sense as a preacher who spends his life at it.

"And so, as of now, my hope is that I can keep on singing, that people will want me to keep on singing. Then I can look back and say, 'Well, I hope I've been able to bring some good to others, as well as to myself.'"



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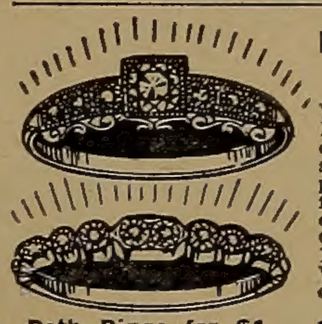
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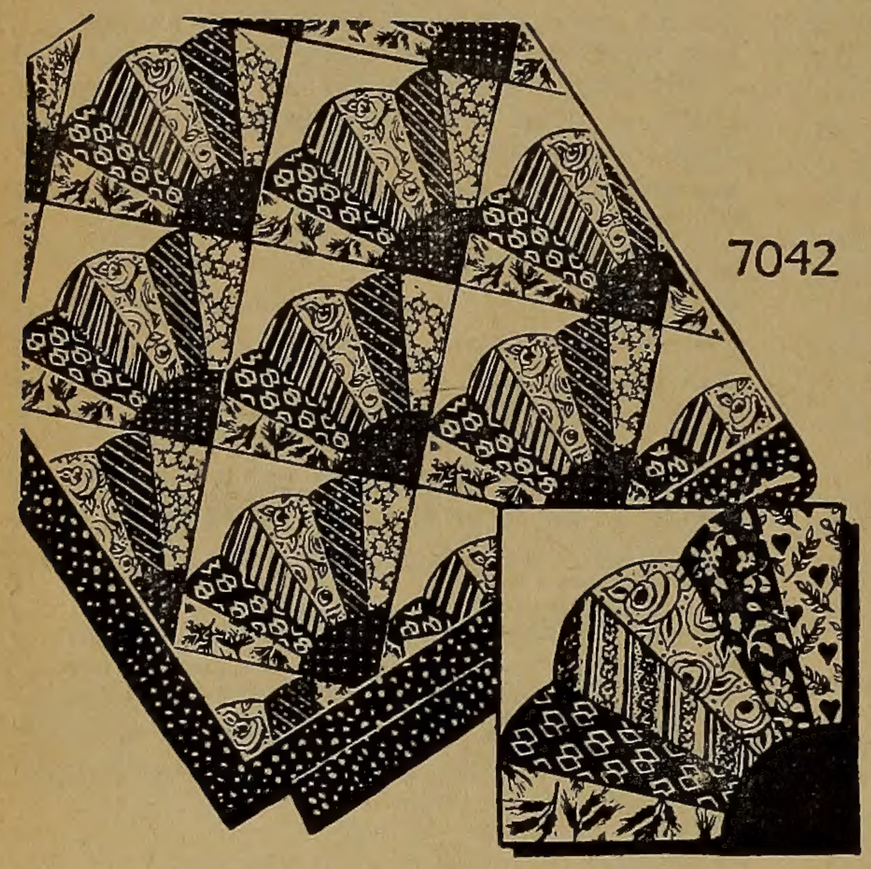
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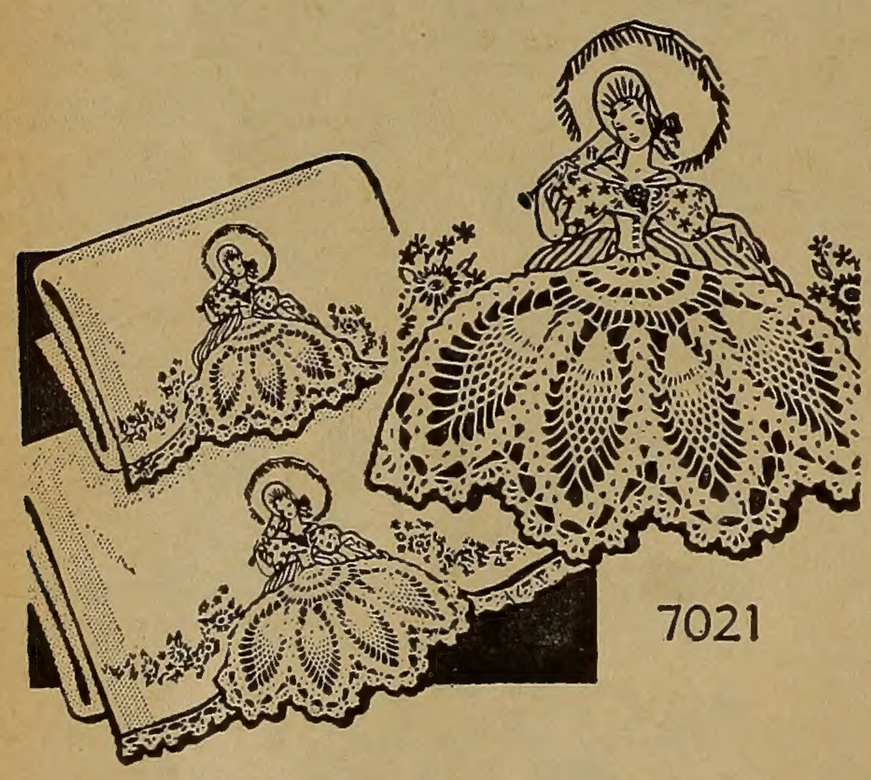
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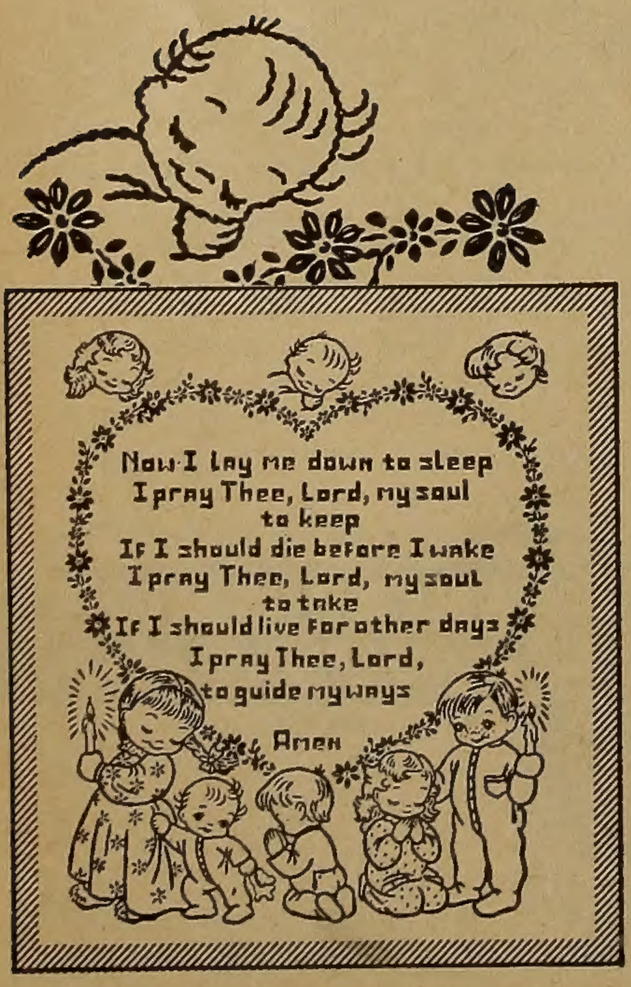


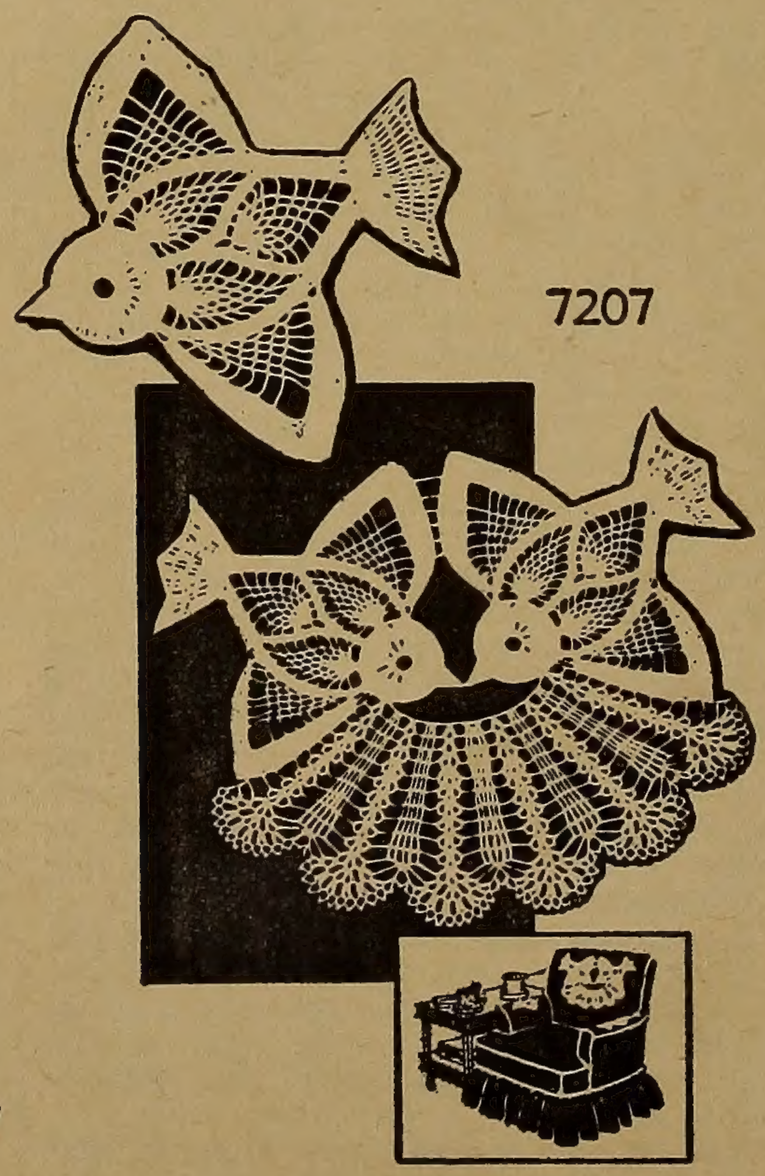
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